

J A Q U E L I N A

Jacoba Countess of Hainault and Holland
OF

HAINAULT:

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE DUKE OF CLARENCE."

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

M.DCC.XCVIII.



J A Q U E L I N A

or

HAINAULT.

CHAP. I.

TOWARDS the expiration of the fourth year of our fifth Henry's reign, the nobility were assembled in order to celebrate the birth-day of the fair Catherine. Highly distinguished among the beauties which that day graced the court, shone the lady Eleanor, daughter of lord Cobham of Sterborough: few with her in loveliness of person could merit a competition, and in grace and elegance she stood unrivalled.

A haughtiness of demeanour, arising
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from the consciousness of her high birth and matchless charms, was apparent to all; nor could the affability of manner which she that night assumed hide from the observant eye that she felt her superiority.

Many illustrious offers of marriage had been rejected by this lady, with a degree of scorn bordering on contempt; nor till she saw the duke of Gloucester, second brother of the king, was her proud heart subdued.

In charms of person few princes could vie with Gloucester; but besides exterior advantages, he possessed a brilliancy of fancy, and a peculiar happiness of expression, which gave a charm to the most trifling subjects, and rendered his company captivating in the extreme. He was gay, volatile, and prone to trivial errors; but at the same time possessed a heart noble, generous, and humane. In short, Gloucester wanted but moderation of temper to render him as much respected as he was beloved.

Highly

Highly sensible of the power of beauty, and alike charmed with the liveliness of wit, he had some years before paid such homage and attention to the lady Eleanor, that Fame, ever busy, had whispered reflections not tending to the honour of her character.

The young courtiers were already forward to congratulate the duke on his good fortune.

It was now that Gloucester felt the injustice which he had been thoughtlessly guilty of ; and the necessity of either withdrawing from her society, or declaring himself her serious admirer, became indispensable. For various reasons the former alternative best suited his inclinations ; and having resented with proper indignation all reflections to the prejudice of her fame, he gradually estranged himself from her company.

This change of conduct, in an object so beloved, gave a sensible wound to the

haughty soul of lady Eleanor ; a wound to which her pride could minister little relief, and but ill conceal from the inquisitive eyes of the court.

In order more effectually to silence the tongue of slander, the duke quitted England, and passed some years upon the continent. On his return, a visible alteration was observable in his manners. His former vivacity had forsaken him, and he was become silent, absent and dejected. As far as was consistent with politeness, he shunned the society of lady Eleanor, and was happy when a summons from his brother to assist in quelling some insurrections abroad relieved him from the painful task of preserving in his manners a degree of coldness which he could not but see afforded her the most painful chagrin.

In the course of two years the duke again visited his native country ; and, to the concern of Eleanor, made no attempts to gain her favour.

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In vain she strove to develop the cause, and equally in vain did she attempt to subdue his indifference.

Previous to the ball which was given in the evening, she had employed all the aid that art could lend to heighten those charms of which Nature had been so lavish to her, with an anxious hope to make an impression on that heart which she had so fruitlessly essayed to win. The ball had commenced, and the admiration which her beauty excited furnished ample food for her vanity. Long had she sat in expectation of the arrival of the duke, her heart beating with tumultuous alarms at the idea of her approaching triumph, or additional mortification; when at length he entered, leaning with graceful negligence on the arm of his brother Bedford.

He advanced to pay his compliments to the throne; and as he retired from respectfully saluting the royal pair, he could not avoid noticing the lady Eleanor, who was

seated at a little distance. He was betrayed unawares into an admiration of those beauties which now shone with a lustre that dazzled his imagination, and for the moment captivated his heart—Delighted also with the piquant air with which she rallied the fulsome compliments bestowed on her by the surrounding courtiers—flattered too by remarking the extreme sensibility which, in spite of all her care, was visible at his approach, his coldness fled, and he yielded himself without reserve to her fascinating powers.

The young nobles retired as he seated himself beside her; and a conversation of the most interesting nature took place, in which they both seemed too much occupied to heed the dancers, or notice the observation which this renewed attention of the duke excited.

Eleanor, too doubtful of her power to hazard by the slightest reproach a conquest so important to her peace, was listening
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with unfeigned delight to the rapturous effusions of an ardent imagination, when the king called for his favourite dance.

This brought Gloucester to some degree of recollection, and starting up, he seized the hand of his fair companion, and requested her to perform it with him.

The second movement was closing, and the prince was viewing with increased admiration the various beauties which his lovely partner displayed in an exercise so well calculated for showing every grace to advantage, when a glance from the eye of a lady plainly habited, whom the lord chamberlain at that time was leading up the room, at once changed all the expression of the duke's countenance into wonder and astonishment.

Forgetful of his beauteous partner, he let go the hand which but a moment before he had pressed with fervour and delight, and stood motionless with surprise. "You are not well, my lord!" exclaimed lady Eleanor confounded. Without heeding her

enquiry, the duke continued gazing on the graceful form of the majestic stranger :
 “ Can it be possible ? ” exclaimed he ;
 “ can it be possible that I see the princess of Hainault ? No ; my eyes surely deceive me ! ”

A signal was given for the music to cease, and by this time the lady was at the feet of Henry.

“ The daughter of William of Bavaria,” cried she with graceful dignity, “ claims the protection of Henry—From the tyranny of Brabant’s duke I appeal, whose unhappy wife I am—In your court I ask an asylum.”

The monarch raised the princess, and assured her of protection. The queen bent forward to embrace her : “ My friend, my sister ! ” exclaimed she, “ and is it given us once more to meet ? But how ! and wherefore is it I see the heiress of Bavaria a fugitive—a suppliant ? ”

“ Spare me for this night, madam, I entreat you,” replied the princess, returning her

her embrace; "I will hereafter recount to you the reasons which compelled me to the steps I have taken; yet rest assured that Jaquelina is still not unworthy of your friendship."

"I cannot doubt it," replied Catherine, "and wish not to hear you detail the history of your woes, till time shall have rendered the narration less painful."

The king now presented the court to the princess, and was about to introduce his brother Bedford first, when the duke of Gloucester, advancing with precipitation, interposed.

"To the acquaintance of the princess Jaquelina," cried he, "I have a prior claim! Your majesty must allow me therefore to be the first in offering my congratulations on seeing her in this kingdom."

The duke of Bedford smiled as he made way for his brother, and, having welcomed the princess to the British court with a grace peculiarly his own, drew back. As he retired for the other princes and nobles to ad-

vance, he was observed to whisper something in a low voice to his brother Gloucester.

He coloured, and was preparing to reply, when his eyes meeting those of the haughty Eleanor, he walked away in confusion, unable to conceal his emotions.

The nobility having been severally presented to the princess, the king and queen, in compassion to her apparent fatigue and weariness, broke up the court, and, having invited the princes of the blood-royal to join them, retired with her to a more private apartment.

Gloucester, who had with difficulty restrained his impatience at the tedious ceremony of presentation, with transport accepted the welcome invitation; and notwithstanding the beautiful eyes of lady Eleanor, divested of all their haughtiness, seemed to petition his stay, he followed with unrestrained delight the illustrious group.

A general murmur of applause burst from
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the assembly, as Jaquelina the unfortunate duchess of Brabant withdrew.

The men were loud in commendation of her charms. "How lovely! how interesting she is! (cried they)—what grace! what dignity of mien! what an air of majesty she displayed in the act of supplication!"

The ladies smiled disdainfully, yet affected to join in their commendations.

Although the weather was by no means warm, yet the lady Eleanor found the heat so extremely oppressive, that, notwithstanding her fan had been kept in constant motion, she was compelled to withdraw to the window for the benefit of the air.

The bishop of Winchester, who had remained for some time absorbed in thought, now turning towards the old duchess of St. Alban's, who was seated next him—

"Is not the duchess of Brabant a most beautiful woman, madam?" demanded he with warmth.

Now nothing could be more provoking than this appeal to the duchess of St. Al-

ban's, who had two daughters, who she in vain tried to persuade the world were beauties, and who this evening, though loaded with ornaments, had been particularly disregarded, in consequence of the unexpected and equally unwished-for presence of the illustrious stranger.

“I see not, my lord,” cried she swelling with indignation, and violently flitting her fan, “I see not that this *foreigner* (and she laid a peculiar stress upon the word) is deserving all this praise! To *my thinking*, she is too thin and too pale to be a beauty.”

It must be observed, to the maternal credit of the duchess, and in some measure to account for her remark, that the ladies Maud and Mabel were short, fat, red-cheeked women. Yet the bishop of Winchester did not make proper allowance for all this; but, viewing the lady with surprise—“And is it possible your grace can find any defect in so faultless a figure? For my part, I think she is infinitely too
7 captivating

captivating to behold with impunity—and I pity her from my soul.”

“ Oh ! you men, my lord, are always ready to take the part of those women you style beauties,” replied the duchess, tossing her head with an air of ineffable disdain, “ whether right or wrong—and no doubt we shall be plagued with her quarrels and intrigues. I wonder, for my part, the king your nephew countenances such wanderers—Perhaps, too late, he will find the impolicy of his ill-timed charity.”

“ ’Twere cruel in the extreme,” returned the bishop, “ to deny an asylum to a princess of her rank and beauty; and besides, she is nearly allied to the queen.”

The duchess could not reply to this; and presently afterwards rising with the ladies Maud and Mabel, quitted the drawing-room; filled with high indignation that all the attention of the assembly had been withdrawn from her daughters, and bestowed on a foreigner.

C H A P.

CHAP. II.

JAQUELINA, duchess of Brabant, was the only daughter of William duke of Bavaria, and heiress of Holland, Hainault, Zealand, and Friesland. Her mother, a proud, ambitious princess, was of the house of Burgundy; and, disappointed above measure in her hopes of a son, bestowed but a small portion of tenderness on the princess Jaquelina her daughter. Indeed she suffered her affections, as well as principles, to be guided by her chaplain and confessor, father John, a crafty politician and a zealous churchman.

The duke of Bavaria, who idolized his daughter, took upon himself the superintendence of her education; and as he had no male issue to succeed him, she was early initiated in the several arts of governing, and furnished with such information as might accomplish her for the exalted station she was one day to fill.

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The quickness of her genius made her comprehend with surprising facility the different instructions she received; and her delighted father, as he viewed the rapid progress she made in the most difficult studies, would press her with paternal exultation to his bosom, and predict his Jaquelina's future greatness.

Ill as father John was qualified, from the gloomy severity of his manners, to be the spiritual instructor of a young princess of Jaquelina's lively disposition; yet to his direction was committed, at the instance of the duchess, a charge so important.

The long and tedious lectures he would torment her with, and the causeless penances he perpetually enjoined, inspired her only with disgust; and she could often scarcely command sufficient patience to listen with even a seeming attention to his almost endless harangues.

Sometimes wearied beyond measure while her ghostly preceptor was holding forth on the duty of blind submission to her

her parents and instructors, she would venture a playful interruption, which never failed to bring on her the father's denunciations, and, what she dreaded infinitely more, those of the duchess her mother, who ever lent an attentive ear to the complaints of father John, and punished with severity the slightest disrespect shewn his sacred person.

Poor Jaquelina often incurred the latter; and with increased aversion beheld the mean informer, who had often drawn upon her a mother's displeasure. Indeed her causeless and unrelenting severity was a source of continual grief to the young princess, who strove, by every filial endearment that her young heart could suggest, to lessen the strong aversion which the duchess evinced for her. Often, when she found that every effort failed to soften the nature of her unkind parent, she would fly for consolation to the lady -Ulrica her governess, who never failed to comfort her in her affliction, and, by the mild and whole-
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some counsels of experience, would fortify her tender heart against the evils which she might have to encounter in the world.

Jaquelina had just attained her fourteenth year, when the brother of the duchess, the duke of Burgundy, in company with his nephew the duke of Brabant, paid a visit to the court of William.

It is scarcely possible to describe an object more capable of inspiring aversion than the young duke of Brabant. His stature was low, and his person ill-formed. His aspect cloudy, sullen, and morose. In his disposition he was cool, dark, and designing. Taught by his own nature to be distrustful of others, he thought dissimulation was the most valuable acquirement; and had acquired such perfection in this his favourite accomplishment, that it was scarcely ever possible to dive into the true sentiments of his heart.

To complete his character, he was a bigot to his religion; a turn of mind that effectually won him the affections of the
 duchess,

duchess, who contemplated with admiration a prince of his age performing with scrupulous exactness the most rigorous duties of monkish devotion. As for the young princess, she beheld him with an aversion difficult to be concealed, and could seldom remain for any length of time in his company without betraying the dislike she had conceived.

She was conversing one evening with her governess, and with all the native warmth of her character, and the arch humour for which she was remarkable, was turning into ridicule the stern and forbidding manners of the duke, when a hasty message from the duchess summoned her away. Jaquelina's heart beat quick: "What could her highness want at that unseasonable hour!" Lady Ulrica smiled: "You are too apprehensive, my love; what should you fear?" Jaquelina without reply prepared to obey the mandate. Greatly to the delight of the duchess, Brabant had that morning intimated to her, that the most ardent

ardent desire of his heart was to gain the hand of the princess Jaquelina his cousin, and entreated her interest towards the accomplishment of his wishes.

To this proposition the duchess lent a willing ear: it was in fact the scheme she had herself planned, the success of which she now looked forward to with full assurance; for Jaquelina's consent she had determined upon gaining either by threats or entreaty; and that of the duke her father she took for granted would follow, as Brabant was sole heir to a rich and powerful dukedom.

The duke of Burgundy was in conversation with the duchess when Jaquelina entered the room: "Come hither, Jaquelina," said her highness with less severity of aspect than she usually assumed towards the princess: "the duke your uncle and I have been consulting on matters highly important to your welfare."—Jaquelina curtsied in silence.—"And we have agreed," continued the duchess, "to marry you."

you.”—“*Indeed!* madam?” cried the young princess, looking up with much simplicity, and with equal indifference.—“Yes, my child,” replied her grace, taking her hand with seeming affection, “we have.”

Now, it was the first time her mother had ever taken her hand, or ever addressed her by the endearing appellation of child; and we shall not determine whether it was the surprise and pleasure this uncommon instance of tenderness gave the sensible heart of our heroine, or the information of her marriage, that made her, as she kissed the hand of the duchess, exclaim, “Now, how good your highness is to your Jaquelina!”—“Well, but, Jaquelina,” said Burgundy, “would you not like to know the husband we have chosen for you?”—“Certainly, my lord,” replied the princess. “Our Jaquelina, my lord,” returned the duchess, “is so good a child, that we must not, I think, refuse her this indulgence.”

The fine eyes of the princess sparkled with delight at this encomium, and her thoughts

thoughts were so entirely occupied with her mother's unusual kindness, that she waited with as much composure to hear the name of the being to whom she was about to commit the future happiness of her life, as she would that of a partner destined for her at a court ball.

"I think, therefore, my lord," continued her highness, still holding the hand of her daughter, "we may call in the duke of Brabant." — "The duke of Brabant!" echoed Jaquelina, roused from her pleasing reverie, and trembling with apprehension. "Yes, it is he whom we have selected for you," said Burgundy rising.—An exclamation of horror burst from the affrighted princess. "And we expect from you," continued the duchess in a tone of command, "a ready obedience; and depend upon your receiving the duke of Brabant, who only waits our call to be introduced as your husband, in a manner that—"

"What, Brabant! that most hideous, frightful man!" exclaimed Jaquelina, forgetting

getting in her terror all other fear—"Receive him?—The duke of Brabant, as my husband?—Never! never!"

"You hear her, my lord!" cried the duchess trembling with passion, and turning towards her brother—"Now, wonder that I treat with severity this insolent, this undutiful girl!"

"Such conduct indeed," replied his grace, knitting his brow at this contemptuous rejection of a favourite nephew—"such conduct cannot be brooked—Bavaria shall repair the insult offered to our house, or we are friends no more. He shall compel this haughty girl to be my nephew's, and thus punish her for such presumptuous disobedience of our will."

"Oh, no! my father never will require his Jaquelina," returned the princess with vivacity, "to marry a man whose very name is odious to her."

At that moment the young duke entered the room; when Jaquelina uttering an exclamation of horror, and hiding her eyes

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from his view, prevented all the fine speeches his grace had prepared for the occasion, and left him standing aghast with astonishment.

“Speak to her, my lord!” cried the duchess reddening with shame—“tell her it is my will you receive her hand.”

The duke advanced to seize the promised treasure; when the princess, starting from him as from some noxious animal, exclaimed—“Oh leave me! begone!”

The countenance of Brabant betrayed marks of anger, confusion, and dismay. He shrunk back confounded—“By heavens, madam, this is too much!” exclaimed the duke of Burgundy to the astonished duchess—“I will go, this instant, to the duke her father, and demand that Jaquelina be given up. In spite of her contemptuous airs, she shall yet be Brabant’s, or ruin covers Bavaria.”

“Oh! do not, do not, my lord, my uncle!” exclaimed the princess in an agony;
“do

“do not, I beseech you, require him to make me so truly wretched!”

Burgundy, without heeding her entreaties, was quitting the room inflamed with anger; and Jaquelina in a supplicating posture had thrown herself at his feet; her fine eyes streaming with tears, and lifted up to him with the most moving expression! when the door opened, and her father the duke of Bavaria entered.

Before he could demand the reason of the scene before him, Jaquelina springing forward was in his arms; when grief and terror so entirely overcame her, that she fainted.

On her recovery she found only her father and Ulrica with her: whilst she fondly pressed his hand, her enquiring eyes were cast around with fearful apprehension.—

“Do not be afraid, my child, my angel!” cried the duke, tenderly clasping her to his bosom: “No more shall you be alarmed; no more shall my Jaquelina be urged to
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a marriage so unworthy of her.—Already has she suffered too much from these imperious lords.—No! the happiness of my child is dearer to me than life; and that shall be risked, if necessary, to preserve it.”

“Oh my father,” exclaimed Jaquelina shrinking at the idea, “you prize it at too dear a rate: Oh! rather than such a risk, give me to the hated Brabant!”

“Never, my Jaquelina!—No! Bavaria is not to be frightened at the vain boasts of these proud lords—No, my hopes of happiness are centred in thee; and it would be to murder my peace, as well as yours, were I to give you to an object whom you detest with so much reason.”

Jaquelina could only reply with tears of gratitude; and his highness, now rising, left her to the care of the lady Ulrica.

CHAP. III.

BAVARIA, upon finding his daughter senseless in his arms, had sternly demanded the reason of her disorder. Burgundy, not without some confusion, related the cause. Upon hearing what had happened, his highness, turning towards the duchess with an angry air, warmly reproached her for her precipitancy, and mingled with his reproaches some reflections on her kinsmen: then, without assigning any reason in particular, he avowed his disinclination for prosecuting the affair any farther.

The duke of Burgundy, highly incensed at this rejection, insisted peremptorily on Jaquelina's being given up for the insult she had offered their house by her contemptuous rejection of his nephew; when William, turning with cold contempt towards the duke, enquired "if the sacrifice
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of the peace of an only child was to be the forfeit of the unguarded words of a frightened girl?"

"Cease, my lord," exclaimed the duke of Brabant burning with the fiercest anger, "cease, I conjure you, all entreaty so injurious to my honour: see you not that Bavaria scorns my alliance? Let us be gone: it is time to take our leave, when we are so unworthily treated." Without waiting for a reply he quitted the apartment: and Burgundy, after making a warm but ineffectual remonstrance, at length followed his kinsman and retired.

Unable to contain her resentment at the indignity (as she termed it) which had been offered her house, the duchess violently reproached the duke for his conduct; but William, scarcely deigning her an answer, assisted the attendants in recovering his daughter, whilst her mother totally disregarded her situation. Seeing she could hope to make no impression on the duke her husband, she went in search of her angry

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kinsmen,

kinsmen, who were giving orders for their immediate departure ; and no solicitations that she was able to urge could prevail on them to alter their resolution of instantly quitting a house where they had suffered such indignities.

A serious breach now took place between the duke and duchess ; and Jaquelina, feeling herself to be the cause of the disunion of her parents, was inconsolable at the reflection. Forbid the presence of her mother, she had no opportunity of soliciting that pardon which her heart yearned without ceasing to obtain.

The violence of the duchess's passions affected her health ; and at length, through pain, disappointment and vexation, she became seriously ill. For several days she had been confined to her bed ; and the princess, anxious as she was to attend her parent, yet felt herself too much awed by the prohibition that had been issued against her to dare to disobey it ; till one evening having stept to the door of her mother's apartment, and finding

finding it half open, she took courage and ventured in.

The duchess was at that moment in a sound sleep; and one attendant only was in waiting, whose noisy slumbers Jaquelina feared would disturb her mother. Gently therefore awaking her, she took her place, and motioned for her to withdraw.

The duchess, upon awaking, asked for some cordial; which Jaquelina presented her, observing all the time the strictest silence.

Soon after her highness began to make some enquiries.

The princess trembled with affright, and did not dare to answer. The questions were repeated, but no answer was returned. At length the duchess grew impatient, and angrily demanded who was attending her?

Jaquelina still hesitated to reply—"Is not Agatha with me?" enquired her grace. "No, madam!" replied the princess in a low and tremulous voice.—"Who then

attends me?"—"Your Jaquelina," said the princess, flinging herself by the side of her mother's couch.—"Ah! forgive this disobedience of your orders!"

"Is it the princess my daughter?" exclaimed her grace in a faint tone of surprise.

"Yes, madam, the most duteous of daughters."

"Ah, no!" replied the duchess, "else—" She stopped.

"Will you not forgive her then?—On my knees I entreat it."

"Ah! what do you ask? Father John will not excuse me should I relent."

"What! does he then render a mother deaf to the voice of Nature, which pleads for her child?"

"Beware, my daughter, of saying aught against a character so sacred with me," cried the duchess austerely. "With him you must first make peace ere I can."

"Oh, my mother!" cried the princess interrupting her, "you already forgive me
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in your heart: let but your voice declare its dictates, and I will endeavour to appease the Father by the humblest concessions."

The duchess was softened. She extended her hand to the delighted Jaquelina, who half-devoured it with kisses.

"But my father!" continued the princess, "do you not include him also in your forgiveness?"

"Your father, Jaquelina? Ah, he regards me not!"

"Oh, say not so, dearest madam!"

"He comes not to me, he solicits not my love."

Jaquelina was already with the duke. Her emotion excited his surprise. "What now, my daughter?" She took his hand, and without reply led him from his chamber to that of the duchess.

He started and looked displeased. But Jaquelina in such a cause was not easily intimidated—She threw her arms about his neck, and burst into tears.

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"Ah! you told me, my father, that the

repose of your Jaquelina was dear to you.”—
 “I did so, Jaquelina.”—“Oh, then, refuse
 not a request on which it so much depends!
 Be reconciled to my mother!”—“Foolish
 girl! to your enemy, say rather—Never has
 she been one to you.”

The princess wept afresh—the remark
 was bitter to her.—“Oh say not so, my
 lord: she is in her heart my mother, and
 her affection for me has been stifled by
 the misguided zeal of her confessor. *You,*
you, my lord, are dear to her—and me she
 has forgiven.”

She then repeated the scene that had
 passed, and renewed her entreaties.

The duke found his resolution give way.
 “Irresistible girl!” said he as he suffered
 his daughter to lead him to her mother’s
 apartment, “you make a child of me.”

“The duke, my father!” cried Jaque-
 lina advancing first to prepare the duchess.
 The duke took her hand, and, as he pressed
 it between his own, he tenderly enquired
 of her health. Divided between sentiments
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of tenderness and anger, the duchess coldly withdrew her hand and averted her face. His highness was hurt and offended—"Nay, madam," cried he, turning away, "I obtrude no longer on your patience, since you thus treat my returning love."

Jaquelina interposed, and, taking the hands of the duke and duchess, joined them together with fervour, and pressed them to her bosom. "For my sake, oh my loved parents! be reconciled. I was the cause of your disunion; afford me the transporting joy of being the happy means of your reconciliation."

The duchess could hold out no longer: she received the duke's embrace, and Jaquelina with transport saw the reunion of her parents effected through her mediation.

Upon her recovery, the duchess used every method to conciliate the minds of her kinsmen towards her lord.

Burgundy, who stood in need of the aid of William, required not much persuasion,

and an act of amnesty was passed between them.

A few months only had elapsed when John duke of Touraine, second son of Charles, sixth king of France, visited the court of Hainault.

Struck with the uncommon beauty that Jaquelina possessed, and charmed with the brilliancy of her wit, a short time convinced the prince that a union with this accomplished young princess was essential to his happiness.

Having obtained the consent of his father for the marriage, he made known his intentions in form to the duke of Bavaria, and solicited his permission to address his daughter. As the character of the prince was unexceptionable, and his manners pleasing, the proposal met with the duke's approbation, provided the princess felt no repugnance to the match.

To obtain her consent was a matter of little difficulty, as she really had no aversion

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sion to Touraine, and was eager for an opportunity to free herself from the persecutions of Father John, and the unkind treatment of her mother, who still blindly followed his advice.

As soon as she had given the enraptured prince her ready consent, without waiting for his acknowledgments, she flew in haste to communicate the glad tidings to her beloved governess, little doubting that she would be as delighted as herself at the prospect of her speedy emancipation—"Oh my dear, dear madam!" cried the princess, out of breath, and throwing herself into the arms of Ulrica, "I am going—going for ever—to be freed for ever from the detested authority of Father John! Yes, I shall soon enjoy that liberty for which I have so long vainly sighed."

"What means your highness?" exclaimed the governess in surprise.—"Why, the duke of Touraine has demanded me of my father in marriage."

"Well, and what says his highness?"—

“ Oh, he readily agreed to the proposal ! and I have given my consent ! and the prince is so overjoyed——”

“ My poor child,” cried lady Ulrica, viewing her with the sincerest pity and compassion, “ what imprudence is this ! Oh, how could my lord, your father, be induced to trust your inexperienced youth to its own decisions ?”

The princess regarded her with a perplexed air, as if uncertain whether she had heard right.

“ But have the duchess and Father John consented to the marriage ?” — “ Oh yes ! The prince, you know, is a sober pious young man : these good qualities have gained their concurrence—And then we are to visit France,” continued the princess, “ immediately after our marriage ! and that will be so delightful, after having been so long immured in this gloomy court——”

“ Alas, my Jaquelina ! you little know the perils that will surround you, when, after having quitted a father’s protecting care,
your

your innocence and beauty will be exposed to a thousand dangers from the loose morals and licentious manners of the court you are going to."

"Dangers, madam!" repeated the princess astonished, "what are those you apprehend?"

The lady Ulrica chose not to enlighten her pupil on this subject; nor did she wish her to know that the very indifference which she always evinced for the company of Touraine constituted her danger.

"And will not you, my dearest madam!" continued Jaquelina, in the accents of entreaty on observing her governess in deep meditation—"will not you accompany your Jaquelina to this court you so much fear? Will not you still guard and protect her by your counsels?"

"And does my princess really wish my company?"—"Wish it!" returned Jaquelina with warmth; "I would sooner stay for ever
in

in Bavaria, than be separated from my dearest friend !”

“ I am now indeed repaid for all my cares !” exclaimed the governess with emotion—“ Yes, my Jaquelina ; as you wish it, in spite of my years and increasing infirmities I will accompany you. I will still be watchful for your happiness, and assist you with my counsels and advice.”

The concern of the lady Ulrica was much abated by seeing the princess so earnest to have her company ; and she would not, by expressing further anxiety, damp the pleasures of approaching liberty.

A conversation of a contrary character took place between the princess and her chief woman, as she was undressing that night.

Though Jaquelina, at the earnest entreaty of lady Ulrica, seldom conversed with her attendants ; yet now, so full of rapture was she at the prospect of enjoying freedom,

freedom, that she could not restrain the inclination she felt to talk on so interesting a topic.

It happened that Iva (for so was she called) began the subject—"And so I hear your highness is going to be married to the French duke? Well, I always thought it would be a match!" "Did you, indeed?" cried Jaquelina surprised: "well, for my part, I never thought about the matter till it was named to me by my father."—"Ah! I warrant your highness has not observed the many kind and tender looks the prince gives you, and how he always engages your hand for the dance?"—"Not I, indeed!" replied the princess; "though I recollect, as you observe, he always, much against my inclination, engages me at every ball; as I prefer count Florio infinitely for a partner. He is so handsome, and dances with such a grace!"—"Oh! well," returned Iva, "but now your highness must only have eyes for the prince your husband. It is him
you

you must now look at ; and a handsome clever prince he is.”—“ But why must I only look at him ? ”—“ Because, you know, madam, you are only to love him in future.”

It should be observed here, to account for the novelty and strangeness of this question, that the princess had been hitherto kept in profound ignorance with respect to a passion that bears such tyrannic sway over the human heart.—The duke himself and Father John had divided her education between them. It was not likely that the latter should have given her any hints on the subject ; and her father, a sensible, plain, good man, either thought it was too unimportant, or probably his daughter too young to trouble her head about the matter. No wonder then she put such questions to her attendant.

After a conversation of some length, on a subject entirely new to Jaquelina, the train of ideas which Iva excited produced an involuntary sigh, and she fell into a deep

deep fit of musing, which her attendant interpreting as a symptom of fatigue, wished her good night and withdrew.

Without being much refreshed, the princess arose early the following morning, and Iva was the first person she summoned to her—"You spoke so feelingly last night, Iva," said the princess, "that I cannot help fancying you have yourself felt that passion you described."

"Ah, yes! I once was married."—"And did *you* so love your husband?"—"Love him! love my Clunebert!—Oh God! he was dearer to me than I have words to tell. To please him was the first wish of my heart; and when absent, all my thoughts were with him: yet ours was a *long long* courtship!"—"How so?"—"Ah! your highness, we neither of us had fortune sufficient to marry without the assistance of a rich uncle, who forbade Clunebert to think of me."—"Alas! for what reason?"

"Because, madam, Clunebert was poor."
—"Well, but your fortune would have supplied

plied the deficiency of his."—" Yes ; but my uncle was ambitious, and wished me to match higher—and the poor youth was so dispirited—" " And you —?" " Oh ! I was almost broken-hearted : but we used to meet sometimes by the contrivance of Clunebert, and these were the happiest moments of our lives. One day, however, Clunebert appeared to be uncommonly sad, and for a long time he would not make me acquainted with the cause. At length, upon my earnest entreaty, he said in a very sorrowful tone, ' I have been thinking, Iva, you cannot love me as I do you !' ' Unkind Clunebert ! what cause have I given you for this suspicion ?' ' Why, you seem cheerful and easy under the cruel circumstances that separate us.' ' Why should I give way to useless repinings ?' ' Ah ! but if our cases were reversed, I would not hesitate a moment to share your fortune.' ' But would not this be rash, Clunebert ? for how can we support ourselves ?' ' There are a thousand ways of subsistence, would you

you but make the experiment : Have I not youth and health ? Nor am I quite destitute : my little farm would prosper more were it to contribute towards the maintenance of my loved Iva ! Ah ! it would be a little paradise were she but to share it !

‘ But my uncle, what would he say ? ’

‘ That you loved Clunebert better than his riches ; and I, I should have the felicity of proving hourly to my Iva that it was herself I coveted. ’ ”

“ Well ; you did not, could not refuse him ? ” interrupted the princess with the utmost impatience.

“ No, indeed, madam ; I wanted the heart to do it. He had a powerful friend in my bosom—To be short, we were married. ”—

“ And what said your uncle ? ”—“ Oh ! he never forgave it. ”——“ What a fordid wretch ! ” exclaimed Jaquelina ; “ how I abhor him ! But no doubt you were happy without his assistance ? ”—“ Yes, we were blest indeed : our little farm for a long time, through the unremitting industry of
my

my Clunebert, prospered. Ah ! with what anxious solicitude used I to watch his coming home from the labours of the day, blaming with all the petulance of love the cause that detained him one moment longer than the promised time of meeting ! Sometimes, while yet the sun would linger on our little glen, and gild with trembling beams the hills that fenced us—while yet our whitened cottage walls and lowly casements retained its fading lustre—to beguile the tediousness of absence, I would take my little one in my arms (for by this time we were blest with one) and sally forth to meet him. His well-known step would first inform my heart of his approach : it would then so beat and palpitate ! The sight of me would chase from the brow of Clunebert the anxious care that covered it ; he would instantly brighten into smiles—his step would quicken—and we were soon in each other's arms. But wherefore do I trouble your highness with my lowly pleasures—pleasures that will never return !”—

“ Oh !

“Oh ! you interest me beyond measure !” cried the princess with animation ; “ I could listen to you all the day ! ” — “ Your highness greatly honours your poor Iva. ” — “ Well, but tell me what is become of this Clunebert ? ” — Iva sighed, and turned aside to hide the starting tear. — “ My Clunebert, madam—alas, he fell in battle ! ” — “ In battle ? ” — “ Yes, madam ! ” returned Iva, her voice trembling from her emotion. “ The sad sequel of our history is as follows : From over fatigue my Clunebert fell sick ; and our little farm having once suffered by want of proper attention, never after throve : our crops failed ; our cattle died ; and in short we were compelled at length to part with it. ‘ Take it not to heart, my Iva ! ’ cried my kind Clunebert, seeing me overcome with sorrow, as we were daily forced to dispose of some of our little property ; ‘ have I not health and strength yet left me ? ’ ‘ Ah ! but how employ it ? ’ ‘ The pay of a soldier will support my Iva and our little one. ’ ‘ The pay of a soldier ! ’

dier!' repeated I trembling. 'What mean you?' 'The duke of Burgundy has offered me a post of some consequence in his service, and I have—' He paused——'Ah, surely,' exclaimed I shuddering with apprehension, 'surely you have not consented to part with me?' 'For a short time I have—a short time only, my love: consider but the advantages of his protection.' 'Ah, never will I consent to let you go to the wars.' 'You must, indeed, my Iva!' 'What! consent to your exposing a life so precious, to preserve mine?—No, never!'——'But our little one!—Think, could you bear to see him want?—see him waste and pine with hunger?—unhoused, unsheltered! his tender limbs exposed to every wind that rudely blew upon him! whilst his plaintive cries would seem to reproach your cruelty!'

"I wept!—My little Fritz was in my arms; I pressed him to my breast—'Yes, for thee, for thee only could I make this sacrifice!' cried I gazing upon him with tears.

'To

‘ To see thy wants, and not have power to relieve them, would be worse to me than absence from thy father.—Go, my Clunebert!’ continued I; ‘ since cruel fate compels thee, go! but remember that on thy life depends the peace of Iva.’ ‘ Yes, that thought shall doubly nerve this arm; and this loved image,’ continued he pressing me with the fondest emotion to his bosom, ‘ impressed upon my heart, shall prove its shield.’ ”

“ Oh, this Clunebert,” exclaimed the princess, “ how I love him!—But proceed, I entreat you.”

“ I saw him depart, madam,” continued Iva, “ and with him fled my happiness. Alas! soon after news arrived that he was slain in an engagement, after having twice recovered the colours of his regiment from the enemy.”

Iva paused to wipe away her tears.

“ My poor Iva!” cried the princess, kindly taking her hand, “ I sympathize in
your

your distress. How greatly must you have felt this shock !”

“ Ah, madam ! for several weeks I was deprived of sense. I was attacked by a fever, during which I raved continually on Clunebert. Sometimes my fancy represented him covered with wounds, and weltering in blood.—Then he would appear to me in the bloom of health, seated by my side, and nursing with parental tenderness our little boy. In vain would I stretch out my arms to welcome his return—in vain cry out, My Clunebert !—Alas ! it was but the mere phantom of my working brain. He never more returned to bless his Iva.”

The voice of Iva as she finished trembled in her throat ; nor could Jaquelina for some time collect power to renew the conversation.

“ But what is become of your little child, my poor Iva ?” enquired the princess after a considerable pause.

“ Alas !

“ Alas ! he caught the fever that consumed me, and died in consequence—Yes, my little Fritz, my all, was taken from me ! ”

The princess wept with emotion at the misfortunes of her attendant ; and, as she dismissed her, promised her never-failing protection.

Jaquelina could not have received a more useful lesson for the comfort of her mind : she now found that love yielded perhaps as much pain as pleasure, and her heart was lightened of a considerable load.

CHAP. IV.

A SHORT time only elapsed before the ceremony took place, which gave to Jaqueline that liberty after which her heart had so earnestly panted.

Suitable entertainments in honour of so great an event were given, and no longer had the princess reason to complain of the gloom and restraints of her father's court. — Idolized by the duke her husband, and tenderly beloved by her father, the young duchess thought her felicity complete, and grew indifferent about visiting the court of France, the bare contemplation of which had before given her such ideal pleasure. Perceiving that the prospect of Jaqueline's departure was a source of melancholy to the duke her father, Touraine delayed visiting his father's court, till time should better reconcile Bavaria to his daughter's absence.

Among

Among the diversions taken by the ladies of the German provinces, was that of hunting the wild boar. Habited in a dress of pale green cloth edged with park fur, and on her head a small velvet cap ornamented with a light plume of feathers, the princess prepared one morning for the chace. She sprang lightly upon the beauteous courser which was brought her to mount, and gracefully received the spear presented by a kneeling domestic. She now gave the signal; and the obedient huntsman unloosed his clamorous charge. The impatient steed on which she rode, as if conscious of his royal burden, proudly took the lead. Smiling innocence and health glowed in her lovely countenance; whilst unfeigned cheerfulness animated every feature. Her flowing ringlet, confined only by a knot of ribbons, sported wantonly in the air; and at the head of her little company she might, without an affront to Diana, have been mistaken for the Divinity of the chace.

The hunters now entered the woods,

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and

and soon a boar of an enormous size arose from his lair. At their approach he starts, and endeavoured by flight to save himself from their pursuit. In vain, however, does he attempt to escape the stanch blood-hounds that are let loose upon him; undismayed at the formidable tusks he displays, they follow up the scent, and direct the hunters in the attack: innumerable are the spears pointed at him, and already is his body gored by a thousand wounds. Half blinded, and furious with pain, the huge animal bounds, and wreaks a fruitless vengeance on the cruel steel, which he shivers into pieces: his fear is converted into despair. The princess now gives the reins to her horse, who in a moment conveys her to the place of action.

At this instant the furious monster made a desperate attempt to free himself from his persecutors, and darts with undistinguishing rage through the midst of his besiegers towards the princess: before her attendants scarcely perceived her danger, his enormous

mous tusks had wounded her horse's flank.

Impatient of the pain, the affrighted animal fled like lightning through the thickest of the woods, regardless of the ineffectual attempts of his trembling rider to stop his career.

Directly before was seen a tremendous precipice. Terrified at the sight, the strength of the princess began to fail. In despair she abandoned herself to the dreadful fate that seemed to await her, and, weak, faint, and exhausted, was just sinking from her steed, when a young cavalier of a noble appearance rode up at the moment, and, throwing himself from his horse, saved her from the impending danger.

The horrors of her situation so much overcame the princess, that she sunk insensible into the stranger's arms, and was some minutes before she recovered her senses sufficiently to return acknowledgements that were due for the services of her gallant preserver.

Giving him a look expressive of her gratitude, as she gently disengaged herself from his arms, she again repeated her thanks. The manner in which he received her acknowledgements, inspired Jaquelina with a favourable opinion of his character.

Having been informed by her attendants of her name and quality, the cavalier observed with a smile, that the accident had afforded him a happy introduction to the duke of Bavaria, whose court it was his intention to visit.—The princess bowed, and assured him that his presence would be received with grateful pleasure by her father; and mounting one of her attendants' horses, she invited him to accompany her to the palace.

During their little journey to Hainault a lively spirited conversation took place. Jaquelina, however her curiosity was raised, could not discover, by any thing that dropped during the course of it, the name and quality of her preserver.

With all the warmth natural to her character

racter she presented him to her father, and represented in glowing terms, and with the liveliest gratitude, her obligations to the gallant stranger.

William, pleased with the appearance of his young guest, and grateful for the preservation of his Jaquelina, invited him to a residence in his palace during his stay in Hainault. The stranger bowed with an air of dignity.—“Before,” cried he, “I profit by this generous hospitality, it is fitting that the duke of Bavaria be acquainted with the quality of him to whom his gratitude has made so honourable an offer.—England is my country, and from its fourth Henry I derive my birth—I am his third son.”—“The duke of Gloucester then honours our court by his presence!” cried Bavaria, “and adds by that favour to the obligation he has already conferred upon us.”—The duke made a suitable reply: “An inclination,” continued he, “to visit other countries drew me from my own, and to chance shall I ever consider myself

indebted for the opportunity thrown in my way, of being instrumental in the preservation of the princess Jaquelina, and of obtaining the good opinion of your highnesses."—Charmed with the family of Bavaria, the duke required little entreaty to engage him to yield to the invitations of William, and take up his residence at the palace—and several months in a society so interesting passed on unheeded.

The dukes of Bavaria and Touraine being at that time particularly employed in state affairs, and the duchess engrossed with her books and devotion, the charge of entertaining their royal visitor devolved to Jaquelina.

In all her excursions, whether on foot or horseback, and in her domestic amusements, Gloucester was her inseparable companion; and she improved herself considerably in her knowledge of the English tongue under his instructions. Jaquelina was never weary of questioning the prince concerning England, its laws, manners, customs,

customs, inhabitants : above all, the women excited her curiosity. The warmth and evident pleasure with which he dwelt upon this subject, and the frequent comparisons he drew between it and the various other countries he had visited, would occasionally delight and occasionally mortify Jaquelina, as she could not help perceiving, that although he politely gave every possible commendation to the different courts he had visited, yet the comparison always terminated in favour of his own.

Her heart liberal and ingenuous, and her mind free from low prejudice, readily admitted the superiority of those laws by which the property of the lowest individual was protected from tyrannous oppression.

She admired too its customs : and she would feel charmed with hearing that in that happy country the unjust distinction of sexes was not known—that **THERE** due respect was paid to the understandings of those beings whom custom, not nature, had ranked as inferior. But that the ladies

of the British court surpassed all others in elegance and beauty (an acknowledgment which she constantly contrived to extort from the prince) would pique her pride, and she would rally him with some impatience on his national partiality.

It was impossible for the duke to be a constant witness of the unfoldings of a mind so artless, ingenuous, and pure as that of Jaqueline, and not be enamoured of its beauties. In truth, his reason imperceptibly yielded to the enchantment of her company, and his peace fell a sacrifice to the fatal indulgence.

Though in principle far above the thought of seducing from its duties a heart whose innocence he so much admired; yet to abandon the delights her society yielded, required infinitely more fortitude than what the prince possessed under the dominion of this unhappy passion.—His country and honour were equally forgotten by Gloucester. Weakly surrendering himself to an infatuation so dangerous to his peace, the
mind

mind of the prince seemed to lose its former energies, and his manners and conversation no longer displayed their wonted animation.

He became absent, thoughtful, and dejected. The duke of Bavaria rallied the prince on this visible dejection, and ascribed his loss of spirits to the influence of love.

The evident confusion which the prince betrayed at this charge, corroborated the duke's suspicions, though he affected to deny it with some degree of warmth. "If I am not greatly mistaken, my lord," continued Bavaria, turning towards the duke of Touraine, "our handsome cousin the lady Blanch has made a captive of our English guest."—"The lady Blanch, said your highness!" exclaimed Jaquelina, for the first time in her life assuming a contemptuous smile.—"Yes, my daughter," resumed the duke, "for we all know which way that lady's inclinations tend."—"Your highness, I am convinced, wrongs the lady Blanch!" cried Gloucester warmly—"she too much knows what is

due to her rank and dignity to bestow her affections on a man who never has nor ever can solicit them.”—“ Oh ! then your grace denies not the charge, but only the object.”—“ Come, my daughter,” continued the duke, “ you women have more penetration in these cases ; help us to discover the cause of our guest’s disorder, that we may, if the power is given us, provide a cure.—Tell us, who do you suspect, among the beauties of our court, has proved the fair conqueror of Gloucester ?”

For the first time the prince felt himself chagrined in the company of Bavaria—This investigation of the state of his heart he thought impertinent and unseasonable ; yet he was too conscious of the justice of the charge to confess the pain it excited, and so put an end to the conversation, which he supported with a degree of impatience bordering upon anger.

“ I, my lord !” cried the princess in answer to the duke her father—“ Oh ! I indeed am no judge ; yet, if I were to give
my

my opinion, I should say that only an English lady could enthrall the duke of Gloucester: the ladies of our court are not sufficiently esteemed to obtain the conquest of his heart."

"The duchess of Touraine is unusually severe!" exclaimed Gloucester, striving to conceal his embarrassment; "yet, though she seems to pay my taste no compliment, she is willing to give me credit for some discretion, in not suffering myself to become a captive where I have so small a chance of sharing my chains."

The conversation now took a different turn, to the great satisfaction of the prince, who could scarcely suppress the uneasiness it afforded him.—The lady Blanch was daughter and sole heiress of the duke of Neuvain: she was nearly allied to the house of Burgundy by her mother's side, who dying when she was very young, the duke her father entreated the duchess of Bavaria to permit her to be educated and brought

brought up with the princess Jaquelina ; a request with which the duchess complied.

The little similarity of disposition which existed between the two cousins precluded any close intimacy ; and they mutually regarded each other with a degree of coolness bordering on dislike.—Jaquelina possessed a degree of ingenuous frankness rarely to be found, and her heart, warm yet pure, was depicted in her expressive countenance : courteous and affable, her vivacity and unaffected simplicity won the hearts of all who knew her, and rendered her almost the idol of the people. Blanch, on the contrary, was proud, arrogant and unfeeling. Unlike Jaquelina, whose heart and purse were ever open to the petitions of the poor, she was insensible to distress, and unacquainted with the emotions of pity : she was apt to take offence on the slightest occasions, and her resentment was implacable.

The gloomy sadness and cold insensible
manner

manner of Blanch ill accorded with the sprightliness and gaiety of Jaquelina's disposition; nor could her haughty mind brook with any temper the distinctions paid both to the superior rank and various charms of her cousin. By the duchess, however, she was regarded with the most partial fondness, who seemed to view in Blanch a youthful picture of herself; and Blanch, though she felt perfect indifference towards the duchess, yet saw the advantage this partiality would afford her over Jaquelina; and employing those talents, whose perfection was intrigue, she effectually gained, as she advanced in years, the confidence of her protectress.

However her superior in virtue and every desirable accomplishment, yet the innocent Jaquelina was often the subject of her invidious remarks: and observing the little affection the duchess ever evinced for the princess, it was her aim, by frequent insinuations to her prejudice, to deaden every maternal feeling that still existed.

As

As in courts few transactions can be kept long private, Jaquelina, who was infinitely beloved, was not suffered to remain in ignorance of this treachery on the part of Blanch; and, resenting it as it deserved, she shunned as much as she could with decency the society of her perfidious cousin. —However, as she grew up, the little enmities and resentments which she had conceived in her infancy imperceptibly wore away; and though she loved not her company, yet she ceased to avoid it; and Blanch from motives of policy, disguised the real hatred she bore to Jaquelina, under the mask of friendship; which the princess, who was a stranger to artifice of every kind whatever, mistook for sincerity.

This rich and imperious heiress, whom even princes had sought in vain, was now doomed to suffer all the various pangs and mortifications incident to a disappointed passion. On the duke of Gloucester she had cast an eye of prepossession; and the
marked

marked indifference with which he returned her partiality, had swelled her proud heart with resentment and indignation.

It was in vain that her jealous and piercing eyes tried to discover, among the beauties that graced the court of William, the object who had rendered him insensible to her charms.—Alike gallant and polite to all, his attentions were so equally divided as seemed to prove his indifference, and make her conclude that some English fair one in reality had gained that heart which she vainly sighed for; till an unfortunate circumstance discovered her mistake, and betrayed his passion for Jaquelina.

Rage and jealousy now alternately reigned in her haughty bosom; and various were the means that presented themselves to revenge herself on her innocent and unconscious rival, who, satisfied with the purity of her own heart, and the exertion of every endeavour to promote the happiness of the duke her husband, placed
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to the account of gratitude that partiality which she felt for the prince, and was perfectly easy as to its consequences.

Her anxious governess observed with pain the evident delight the young duchess evinced for the company of Gloucester: yet, relying on the innate probity and purity of soul which she knew her pupil possessed, she would not, till farther observation sanctioned her interference, alarm her innocence with doubts perhaps injurious, and rob her of a pleasure that might never tend to lessen her peace of mind.

Nearly six months had elapsed when Gloucester began to grow sensible of the unreasonable length of his visit; and taking an opportunity one day when the whole of Bavaria's family were assembled, he with some hesitation, and a degree of confusion which he could not hide, announced his intention of quitting Hainault. Jaquelina turned pale—but did not speak. The dukes of Bavaria and Touraine were urgent in their entreaties for his longer stay;

stay ; but Gloucester appeared firm in his determination to depart, and resisted every persuasion to the contrary. The whole party felt grieved at his inflexibility, as the prince was equally loved and admired—and a universal dejection seemed to overspread the countenance of all present.

Jaquelina, from what cause she could not tell, never slept so ill as the ensuing night : “ It is so provoking,” cried she to herself, “ the duke’s departure now, just when I had perfected myself in the English language, and could hold a conversation with him in it!—No doubt some one of those ladies whom he extols so highly for their beauty makes him weary of Hainault, and anxious to return to England !” This thought gave her a disagreeable sensation she could no way account for, and her attendants for the first time had reason to think the princess difficult to please.—“ And so, my lord,” cried Jaquelina the following morning as they were alone together, “ you are determined on
leaving

leaving us ?"—“ Yes, madam !” returned the duke with a dejected air.—“ No doubt, *Sir*, greater attractions than what are to be found at the court of my father call you away !”—The duke sighed, but replied not.—“ Some British fair one takes your highness from us !”—“ You wrong me, madam, by your conjectures ; my motives for quitting Hainault are of a different nature.”—“ Nay, is it not a very probable supposition, considering the anxiety you betray for your departure ?”

“ Anxiety, madam ! I betray anxiety for my departure ? Impossible I could be so ungrateful ! so insensible I might say !” continued he sighing.—“ Nay, but the inflexibility, the obstinacy with which you resisted every importunity used by friends that love you, evinced how little your inclinations dwell at Hainault.”—“ Oh, madam,” exclaimed the prince with animation, “ you little know my heart !”—he paused and recollected himself—“ else,” continued he with a more distant and respectful

spectful air, "you would see how much, how greatly it is grieved, even at the bare idea of quitting friends so justly loved, so highly prized!"—"Yet you could withstand the united entreaties of those friends, who you say are so much loved and so high in your esteem, though all they asked was, that you would prolong your stay one month, one little month!"—"Not all made that request of me, madam," returned the prince with an air of reproach—"No, no!" continued he, "that person whom most it is my wish to gratify was silent."—"True, my lord," said the princess coldly smiling, "I did observe the lady Blanch—was silent."—"The lady Blanch!" exclaimed the duke with warmth—"excuse me if I say your highness does me injustice, after the public declaration I once made respecting that lady."—"Who then, sir, was that silent person?"—"The occasion perhaps was too insignificant," replied the prince, "to attract the attention of the princess Jaquelina; and the silence she preserved

preserved gave me reason to imagine that my presence was no longer wished for by her at her father's court! Ah!" replied Jaquelina with animation, "how much, how cruelly have you injured me by this supposition! If I was silent at that time," continued she, lifting up her expressive eyes, which plainly spoke the emotions of her heart, "it was because I had not words to say how greatly your determination affected me!"

It is needless to say, after this conversation, that the inflexibility of the duke did not hold out much longer, and that he very readily gave a promise to the princess to delay his departure for a month; nay, it is possible he would have given up a twelvemonth had she made the demand.

At dinner, the family being all assembled, while the prince was racking his invention for some plausible excuse, that would well account for the alteration of his mind—little supposing that Jaquelina, as soon as he had complied with her request,

quest, in raptures had flown to her father and husband to acquaint them with her success—the duke of Bavaria, turning towards the prince, politely expressed the pleasure he felt at the information the princess had given him.—“ My daughter is happy in her persuasive powers,” said his highness—“ and we all must feel indebted to her for this proof of them.”

Gloucester bowed, and looked confused.—“ The duke does us infinite honour,” said Touraine, “ by giving up his inclination in compliance with our wishes.”—“ Oh, his highness is very obliging,” said Father John, bowing low, in order to conceal an ironical smile ; “ and we *all*,” laying a particular emphasis on the word, “ are sensible of our obligation for this sacrifice made by his good nature.” The duchess dropped a few words expressive of civility—but lady Blanch drew up her head with an air of high disdain, when she found it was at Jaquelina’s instance he had prolonged his stay.

A young

A young orphan, of a good family, whom the duke had early taken into his service in the quality of a page, for the winning graces of his manners and the ingenuoufness of his mind, attracted the attention of Jaquelina, who was charmed with his artleffness and ready wit.

Gloucester, though he really loved the boy, on perceiving how greatly the princess was ftruck with him, prefented him to her—a prefent that Jaquelina received with rapture.

Edwy (for that was his name) had been fome time in the fervice of the young duchefs, when fhe remarked that for feveral days he appeared unufually melancholy; and her domestics informed her, that no follicitations could prevail on him to take his meals as ufual.

“Come hither, Edwy,” cried the princess, calling to the little page, “I fear you are not well: what is the matter with you?”—
 “Nothing, madam!” returned Edwy, at the fame time burfting into tears.—“Nay, why

why then do you weep?"—"Ah, madam, I fear to tell you!"

"Come," said the princess, "I will know the cause! and if you tell me the truth, I promise you I will not be angry."

"Alas! madam," cried the page, the tears streaming from his eyes, "my lord the duke is grown so unkind to me now—" As he said this he sobbed, ready to break his heart.—"Well, but what have you done, Edwy," enquired the princess, "to occasion this displeasure?—and why be afraid of telling me your offence?"

The boy hung his head.—"I am afraid, Edwy," said the princess looking extremely grave, "that you have done something very bad, or you would not be ashamed of telling me what has happened."—"No, indeed! Indeed, madam," returned Edwy, "I have not!—All that my lord was displeased with me for, was some answer I gave to a question or two he asked."

"Well, but what were these questions, Edwy?" said Jaquelina.

“ Ah ! if I thought you would not inform my lord, I would tell them you ; for it was all about your highness.”—“ About me, Edwy ? ”—“ Yes, madam.”—“ Well, I promise you I will not betray you,” cried the princess, her curiosity being not a little roused.

“ Why, then, madam, you must know,” said the page, “ that, happening to be playing the other evening in the gardens underneath my lord’s apartment, he saw me, and beckoned me to come to him ; which I immediately did, for I love him dearly, however he may dislike poor Edwy. — Well, madam, at first he was very kind and good to me, patting my head, and telling me that I was a fine boy, and would be a great man if I continued to do right ; and made me sit down by him, and threw some crowns into my cap—And then he began to question me about your highness—” —“ Well, but what did he ask about me, Edwy ? ” interrupted the princess with some impatience.

“ Why,

“Why, madam, he asked me if you ever talked of him.”

“And what reply did you make?” cried Jaquelina colouring.

“I said, that to be sure your highness did very often.”

“Very often, Edwy!”—“Yes, madam; and I am sure I told no story when I said so.”—“Well, well, proceed.”

“But that for all this,” continued Edwy, “I told him that I did not think your highness loved him one half so much as you loved me.”—“Oh, fie, Edwy!” cried the princess smiling, “you should not have said so; but was this the cause of his displeasure?”—“Oh, no, madam! At this he only laughed, and said I was a happy boy; and then he began to look very sorrowful, and did so sigh, that it grieved my very heart to hear him.”—“Did he indeed, Edwy?” cried the princess sighing involuntarily.—“Yes, madam,” returned the page, “just as you do now—And indeed,” continued he, looking attentively at her,

“ I often do think you *so* alike !—and so I told my lord, who called me a young flatterer, and foolish boy ; but for all he called me names, I could see he did not look displeased.”—“ Well, but you have not yet told me the answer that made him so angry with you.”—“ Why, if you must know, madam,” cried the boy blushing and looking down, “ he asked me, if I did not think your highness the prettiest and handsomest lady in all the world ? ”—“ Well ! ”—“ And I said—but you promise not to be angry with me, madam ! ” continued Edwy in a tone of entreaty.—“ I promise you I will not.”—“ I told him,” proceeded the page, “ that to be sure your highness was the handsomest lady in all the world ; but, for my part, I thought Rose Sidney the prettiest—And then my lord was *very very* angry, and called me an idle prating boy, and very presumptuous in daring to compare such a little turned-up-nosed chit as Rose Sidney to so great a lady as your highness.”—“ Poor child ! ” cried the princess

cess laughing ; “ and was this *all* the mighty offence you gave the duke ? ” — “ Not all, madam ; for, being very provoked at his calling Rose such hard names, I was to be sure rather saucy, and said, that I knew what I knew, *that* I did, and could say something if I dared ; and then his highness very angrily insisted on knowing what I meant — and I said, that I remembered the time when he thought lady Eleanor Cobham the most beautiful lady in all the world, and when he used to give me crowns to carry letters to her.”

The princess now, from what cause we shall not venture to determine, blushed extremely. — “ And your lord was very angry with you, I suppose, Edwy ? ” said she. — “ Oh ! very, very ; and he bade me be gone, and never enter his presence again, although I did every thing to make him forgive me.” — “ And who is this lady Eleanor you speak of, Edwy ? ” cried the princess with some emotion : “ Is she so very beautiful ? ” — “ Oh, not to be compared to

your highness," returned the page with warmth; "for though she is accounted very handsome, yet she looks so cross and proud that few people love her."—"But is she alike proud and cross to *all*?" asked the princess. "Oh, no, madam!" cried Edwy significantly: "to my lord she is all sweetness!"

"I suppose, then," cried Jaquelina, "it will be a match between his grace and this lady when he returns to England?"—"No, madam; my lord and lady Eleanor are not half such good friends as they used to be, though I know not the reason; but this I am sure, my lord of late scarcely loved her at all, and only bowed when they happened to meet."—"Poor lady!" repeated Jaquelina sighing without asking herself why—"I pity her greatly!"

The princess now dismissed her page, promising to make his peace with his lord.

The first opportunity that offered she seized for this purpose—"Your highness appears to be displeased with my little protégé,"

tegé," said she to the duke; "what heinous crime has he committed to occasion your anger?" As she said this, she smiled with a degree of archness that embarrassed him.—

"Oh, a trifle, madam! nothing worth your notice!" returned the duke rather in confusion—"What! he has been making complaints, then?" continued he, darting a look of displeasure at poor Edwy, who stood aloof with tears in his eyes, and cast a look of wistful entreaty towards the princess to clear him of this suspicion.—"No, I give my word he has not!" she replied: "It is I that have questioned him; and all that I can make out is, that Rose Sidney surpassed me in beauty—and a most dreadful offence it is, I must confess!"

The duke, though inwardly much vexed, could not forbear a smile.

"I really think, my lord," continued the princess assuming an air of gravity, "you do injustice to the champion of the fair Rose in thus retaining resentment against him. It is the duty of every knight to stand up in support

of his favourite lady's beauty ; and as you have condescended to defend mine, I command you, on your allegiance, to take by the hand your redoubtable opponent."

This folly of the princess's banished from the mind of the duke the little anger he had suffered himself to conceive against the page ; and laughing, he held out his hand to the delighted Edwy, who springing forward received it on his knees.—Kissing the hand of the duke with an affecting eagerness—" Indeed, my lord !" cried he, " I never will again remind you of the lady Eleanor, nor how you used to praise her beauty, and tell that—" " Pshaw !" interrupted the duke with impatience, " what stuff is this you have collected to tease me ?—It was your sauciness before that provoked me—Let me have no more of it !"

The princess was malicious enough to enjoy the confusion of the prince ; yet fearing to excite his farther displeasure against his little favourite, she would not
appear

appear to notice this unfortunate allusion of Edwy.—“Go, Edwy,” said his highness recovering from his confusion, “and, as a reward for the sacrifice I have made of my resentment, demand of the princess her hand.” Edwy arose, and, advancing with a timid air towards Jaquelina, repeated the request.—Without the least hesitation she tendered her hand; and untying a knot of ribbons which fastened her flowing hair,—“There!” said she, throwing them with a graceful air to the page, “Present these as a peace-offering to your lord, and tell him, that as he does me the honour of becoming my knight, it is but fitting he should wear my colours.”

It has been observed, that Jaquelina often questioned the duke concerning England. One day as he was dwelling on the charms of his native country, with the enthusiasm that usually inspired him when that subject was started, his eyes sparkling with animation from the interest he took in the description, the princess, who had

listened for some time to his encomiums with a degree of impatience, interrupted him by saying, "Surely your grace is too partial; you would have us believe that this England of yours is the paragon of the world!—Are the ladies of your court indeed so much superior to those of Hainault?—The ladies Blanch and Sophia for instance; can their charms be excelled?"

—"The ladies of my father's court, madam," replied the prince, "though justly by all the world styled beautiful, must yet submit to yield the palm to some that grace the court I now reside in.—The princess Jaquelina," continued he, bowing, "could not in Europe find her compeer!"

Jaquelina blushed, and tried to laugh at the extravagance of the compliment she had drawn from the duke; but she found in herself less disposition for raillery than she had ever experienced.—She looked up, and perceived the eyes of the duke gazing intently upon her—Again she blushed, and, without knowing why, arose from her seat.

Feeling herself much confused, she was leaving the room, when the prince taking her hand with an air of respect and diffidence begged her to remain—"You are not angry with me, madam," said he, mistaking the emotion she had betrayed, "for my partiality to that country in which I first drew breath?"—"Angry with you, my lord!" cried Jaquelina with warmth. "Ah! no, that I feel would be impossible."—"Indeed? How you delight me by this condescending goodness! And will you, madam, ever continue to entertain for me this sweet, this endearing friendship?"—"Doubt it not—Are you not my preserver? Do I not owe this life to you?"—"Enchanting sweetness!—But will gratitude *alone* bring to mind the remembrance of Gloucester when far removed from Bavaria's court?"—"Ah, no! many are the causes for which I shall remember you!"—"Shall you indeed remember me from other motives? Bless me, I entreat you, by repeating them!" cried the enraptured

tured prince.—“ Alas ! shall I not regret the many happy hours we have passed together—our rides, our walks, our various diversions, the pleasure of which has been doubled by your society and presence ? ” — “ Has the pleasure of these amusements been increased by my partaking in them, my charming Jaquelina ? ” — “ Yes, *indeed!* indeed it has ! ” returned the princess with the most unaffected simplicity, at the same time raising her expressive eyes to the admiring and delighted prince, who could not but read in them the state of her heart, and the passion which she knew not herself. — “ Is my society then dear to you, Jaquelina ? ” cried the duke, gazing upon her with the utmost tenderness. — “ Have I not said so ? ” — “ Ah yes ! but I could wish to hear you repeat forever this delightful assurance. ” — “ No, you would soon grow tired with the repetition. ” — “ Tired of hearing the transporting confession that you—that you regard me not with indifference ! ” cried the prince, at that moment coming to his recollection.

“ Oh

" Oh may you ever retain these sentiments towards me ! Then, in that death which my profession bids me seek, the idea that Jaqueline might give a tear to Gloucester's fate would rob it of its bitterness, and make me smile even amidst its agonies ! But you look pale, my Jaqueline !—Mine did I say ? Oh heavens !"—" Yes, I am well ; but the thought—"—" What thought ?"—" Of your danger."—" Did that excite your concern ?"—" What else could so much grieve me ?"—" Oh this is too much !" cried the duke distracted. " Why, why is she not at liberty ? Happy Touraine ! how blest are you in Jaqueline ! Would to heaven it were permitted us to be united !"—" United, my lord !"—" Yes, Jaqueline !" continued the prince ; " we love, and therefore are most wretched !"—" Love !" exclaimed Jaqueline with horror : " Impossible ! Am I not the wife of Touraine ?"—" Alas ! yes, too sure you are ; but you repent that fatal union."—" No, believe me, the prince is by much too amiable

ble for such ingratitude !”—“ What ! am I then deceived ? Would you not, were your choice yet free, would you not be the wife of Gloucester ?”

The veil was now torn from the eyes of Jaquelina : the fatal truth in all its horrors presented itself to her view. For a moment the knowledge of her situation overcame her too much for utterance. At length recovering from her stupor, and viewing the agonies of Gloucester—“ Oh, why,” cried she, “ why have you opened my eyes ? Why did you not leave me in that happy state of ignorance which formed my happiness ? Why teach me, that the regard I bear you is a crime ?”—“ Alas, my Jaquelina !” exclaimed the prince wounded to the heart by her reproaches, “ your innocence might have betrayed those sentiments, sentiments which angels need not blush to harbour, before those who might have turned them to your prejudice.” The princess however was inconsolable : she wept, and reproached her imprudence without

without ceasing ; nor could all the attempts of Gloucester, who was scarcely less wretched, reconcile her to herself.

Too frank and ingenuous to conceal from her friend those errors which she could no longer hide from herself, Jaquelina, in the utmost confusion at discovering the state of her heart, threw herself weeping into the arms of the lady Ulrica—" Oh, my friend ! my Ulrica !" cried she—" how—how wretched is your Jaquelina !"—The governess was alarmed at her distress—" What is it thus afflicts my beloved child ?—Alas ! why is it I behold these tears ?"—" Ah, madam," returned the princess hiding her blushing face in the bosom of her friend, " I am unworthy any longer your regard !"—" Impossible !"—" Yes, I have been guilty of a crime that must for ever forfeit your esteem !"

" What is it, my Jaquelina, that you accuse yourself of ?" cried the lady Ulrica trembling with apprehension.—" Alas ! I dare not tell you ; yet though I have erred,
Heaven

Heaven knows it was involuntarily !" Fresh floods of tears prevented farther utterance.

Lady Ulrica now began to comprehend the mystery—"Be comforted, my child!" cried she; "though you may have been imprudent, my Jaquelina never can have been guilty! Trust to this bosom your secret."—"Alas! I dread the humiliating confession!"—"Come, I will assist you by conjecturing."—"Ah, that is impossible!"—"Perhaps not."

The princess shook her head—"My Jaquelina," said the governess, pressing at the same time the princess to her bosom; "has found her English guest too amiable."—"Ah!" exclaimed the princess, covering with both her hands her deeply blushing face, "you have, indeed, found out my crime! Good heavens, how culpable must I appear in your sight!"—"Not so culpable as you esteem yourself."—"No? You rejoice me by this assurance!"—"And my Jaquelina has it in her power," continued the lady Ulrica, "to regain that confidence

fidence and good opinion of herself which she has lost at present."—"You charm me, dearest madam!" exclaimed the princess with animation: "Tell me, teach me, I conjure you, how to recover what I prize so much."—"A little exertion only will be sufficient."—"No attempt shall I deem too arduous."—"You must relinquish, as much as possible, the society of Gloucester." The princess sighed deeply, and turned away her face.—"You must do more:" The princess looked up; perhaps she thought a severer injunction could not be imposed—"You must cease to think of him."—Jaquelina started: "Alas, madam, *that* I feel would be impossible!"—"You are mistaken, my child—by a punctual discharge of the public duties of your high station, and an unremitting attention to the more interesting, more endearing offices you owe to your husband and family, your mind will be diverted from dwelling on a subject that is dishonourable to the wife of Touraine."

However

However painful and rigorous the princess might consider this penance, yet she promised to follow it with the most exact observance. She now questioned her friend by what means she had become acquainted with her secret?—The governess smiled, but, assuming a gravity becoming the occasion, “You married too young, my dear child,” said she, “to have considered properly the importance of that engagement you then took upon yourself—You may remember the uneasiness it occasioned my anxious heart—You loved not the duke of Touraine; yet, as he was amiable and passionately fond of you, time, with his assiduities, might have conquered your indifference, and gratitude have been converted into love—had not—” she paused, and the princess fetched a deep and painful sigh—“had not,” continued she, “an unfortunate accident excited your regard and esteem for a man, who, it cannot be denied, is superior to your husband in those qualifications and accomplishments that

that most engage the affections of our sex. Circumstances drew you too frequently together, and—" Ah, you need not proceed."—" Yes, the duke avowed his passion: it was unworthy of him."—" My dear madam, I entreat you, say not so!" exclaimed Jaquelina with impatience: "the fault was mine; I led to the discovery; I could not conceal my heart."—" No!"—" No; without being conscious it was a crime, I confessed the regard I bore him."—" Well, and how did he receive this avowal of your sentiments?"—" Oh, he was wretched beyond measure! He it was that opened my eyes—that pointed out to me the impropriety of those sentiments I felt for him—How lightly must he think of Jaquelina, for so ill-concealing this dishonourable passion! The thought distracts me!"

"Be more just to yourself, my Jaquelina," cried lady Ulrica, tenderly embracing her—" The duke must be charmed with such unadulterated innocence, which, conscious of
its

its purity, felt not the necessity of concealing the sentiments it had conceived."

Alarmed at the danger to which she now found herself exposed, and sensible of the justice of the lady Ulrica's representations and advice, the princess determined in future to alter her mode of conduct. She hoped, by turning her attention to other objects, and by punctually discharging her several duties, to fill her mind with employment, and leave little room for the unworthy passion that had crept in so unawares. From that moment she bade adieu to her former amusements, and assumed a totally different character.

No longer was she the gay, the unthinking Jaquelina :—no more did she accompany the duke in the chace, nor suffer herself to be one instant alone with him ; she became grave, yet affectionate, and attentive to every duty. Encouraged by her faithful governess, to whose compassionate bosom she had entrusted her whole soul,

soul, she was enabled to persevere in a conduct so laudable, yet so difficult.

The duke perceived the alteration; and although he venerated such magnanimity and self-command in so young a mind, yet he was distracted at the loss of those delights which had hitherto yielded him such exquisite pleasure.

In consequence of wanting Jaquelina's conversation, Bavaria's court had now become uninteresting and insipid; yet could he not summons resolution sufficient to fix a time for taking his leave, and depriving himself of the enjoyment of constantly seeing the princess, and being an inhabitant of the same roof that contained her.

Jaquelina, alarmed at the repeated delays of the duke, determined, however painful the task, to remonstrate with him on the impropriety of such a conduct. An opportunity soon offered, when she demanded a private conversation with the duke. The justice and expediency of the request she was about to make armed her with

with courage for the undertaking, and prevented the confusion she would otherwise have felt at finding herself in a situation she had so long cautiously avoided.—“ And have you at last deigned to grant me that favour which for this long time I have perceived with grief you have studiously guarded against?” cried the duke, charmed at this private interview she had requested. “ What favour, my lord?”—“ An opportunity of speaking to you without the restraint of witnesses.” Jaquelina blushed—but it was a blush of indignation, not of shame, called up at the idea which the duke seemed to have conceived, so derogatory to her honour, and so contrary to the motive which had influenced her on the occasion.

“ My lord,” cried she with an air of affronted innocence, “ if you entertain ideas respecting my present conduct that are not consistent with what becomes the wife of Touraine, you grossly injure Jaquelina.” —“ Has then my behaviour deserved this cruel and ungenerous inference, madam?”
 exclaimed

exclaimed the duke, wounded to the soul by the emotion she expressed : “ Has any one action of my life failed in that respect, that reverence so due to the princess Jaquelina? alas, to the wife of Touraine?” — “ Yes, my lord!” The prince looked astonished. “ Your continued residence at Hainault; your repeated, your unnecessary delays, so injurious to my honour, to my peace of mind.”

The duke seemed confused — “ Ah, madam!” returned he sighing, “ if you but loved as I do, you would cease to wonder at this infatuation; but no—your heart is cold and insensible compared with mine.” — “ My lord,” returned Jaquelina with becoming spirit, “ this is language I hear not from the duke of Gloucester, and I already repent the confidence I was inclined to place in him.”

She rose to quit the room, when the duke conjured her to stay one moment — “ Oh! I beg, entreat,” cried he, “ you will forgive the rashness of my folly!” — Jaquelina hesitated :

hesitated: "Upon condition you repeat not your offence, I will."—"I accept the condition, however hard it may be to perform."

"Hear me, then, my lord!" said Jaquelina, assuming an air of conscious dignity that awed the prince: "If my friendship and my esteem be worth your acceptance, you may possess them."

"And can you then doubt the value I set upon them? Above worlds do I prize your good opinion!"—"But you must deserve it."—"Name to me the means by which I may obtain this blessing; and, though it were to sacrifice this life, I should not think it dearly purchased."—"You must quit Hainault."—The duke turned pale.—"Reason, duty, every thing," continued the princess, "loudly proclaim the propriety of our separation."—"Good God! And can you so coolly, Jaquelina, demand a sacrifice so great?"—"My lord, I respect myself, I respect the duty I owe the prince my husband: already have I too much injured

jured him. You have preserved my life—
Make me still more your debtor : Preserve
what I prize infinitely more, my honour,
from suspicion ; your continued stay is in-
jurious to it. Oblige me, my lord, by
your immediate departure !”

“ Cruel Jaquelina ! Is the relinquishing
all I hold most dear on earth, the only
terms on which I can obtain your friend-
ship ? But, if it be essential to your peace
and quiet, this separation, agonizing as it
is, shall be complied with. I will obey
you, and quit Hainault.”—“ This conduct
will indeed deserve my thanks ; and you
will depart to-morrow !”—“ To-morrow !
You push your cruelty too far.”—“ When
then, my lord ?” cried Jaquelina, in her
heart not displeased at this delay.—“ If you
require it, the week that follows this.”

The princess bowed—“ I shall depend
upon your highness’s word !”—“ And now,”
said Gloucester, “ having made this sacri-
fice, may I not in return demand some
small concession on the part of the princess

Jaquelina?"—"What is it you would require of me, my lord?" cried Jaquelina confused and trembling.—"That you would sometimes, madam," cried the duke, and, as he said it, respectfully taking her hand—"that you would sometimes think of Gloucester as of one who, to ensure your happiness, would willingly give up his life; who has already made a sacrifice that scarcely costs him less!"—"I will think of you, my lord;" returned the princess with emotion, "as you have deserved from Jaquelina: more highly than that I cannot."—"Enchanting goodness!"—"But *you*, my lord," continued she, blushing, and casting down those eyes she was afraid to trust—"you must cease to think of me but as a sister, and then perhaps we yet may meet again."—"Yes, yes, most lovely, most adored of women! I will endeavour to regard you as a much-loved sister, impossible as the task appears at present. Alas!" continued he, relapsing into tenderness—"alas that we met not sooner!"

Then

Then might——” —“Forbear, my lord!” interrupted the princess—“remember the promise you have given.”

Jaquelina found herself overcome: her long-supported firmness began to fail, and she hurried abruptly from a scene which had become already too trying—glad to have escaped from the presence of Gloucester, before those emotions which swelled her bosom had betrayed themselves.

CHAP. V.

THE day now drew nigh when the prince was to remove from Hainault. The young duchess only to herself confessed those deep, those bitter regrets, which, in spite of all her apparent composure, produced an inward struggle. Gloucester, half-distracted at the approaching separation, was piqued at the tranquillity which Jaqueline assumed, and sought in vain for an opportunity of reproaching her want of feeling.

The evening previous to his departure at length arrived. The princess, who had supported herself with resolute firmness throughout the day, finding it now no longer possible to conceal from observation the anguish which filled her bosom, quitted the palace, and sought, in a spot particularly sequestered, to give some relief and indulgence to her sorrows. Arriving at
the

the end of a walk which terminated in an irregular break fenced by lofty hills, on whose summits the rays of the sun yet lingered, she sat down upon the edge of a projecting rock, and gave herself up, without reserve, to the tumult of grief which was struggling for vent. The scene, though wild and uncultivated, had yet its charms; a small but beautiful river watered the mountain's base, and its progress being every now and then checked by the interruption of rocks, produced, from the repeated dashing, a melancholy but not unpleasing murmur.

A thick plantation of tall pines rose towering to the left, and excluded, by their dark foliage, the too powerful influence of the sun; an endless variety of wild and characteristic plants covered the sides of the banks; and abundance of mosses were seen fancifully clinging in various forms to the rocks, which burst forth upon the spectator in bold and picturesque shapes. An air of silence and serenity seemed to

reign around. The sun was setting; and his rays, languid and trembling, threw a misty kind of light on the surrounding scenery. Still Jaquelina saw glittering with its beams the lofty casements of that dome which yet contained her much-loved Gloucester. She sighed—"In a few short hours," cried she, "those high walls will no longer surround him! and shall we then meet no more?—Alas! and is it a crime to love thee?—Oh, Gloucester!" continued she, clasping her hands in an agony of despair—"why, if we were doomed to meet—ah! why did not propitious Heaven ordain our meeting sooner?"

As she uttered these words, a rustling amongst the trees made the princess look up—It was the duke himself. Trembling and covered with confusion at the recollection of what had escaped her lips, she started up, and was leaving the spot with precipitation, when Gloucester, springing forwards, caught hold of her robe and stopped her flight—"Wherefore do you fly me, loveliest and
most

most beloved of women?" cried the prince with an impassioned air. "Oh that you would but repeat to me those melting accents! those transporting words! But, no; your heart is too proud! you disdain to give me comfort!"—"Leave me, my lord," cried Jaquelina indignantly; "it is beneath the character of Gloucester thus to steal upon my privacy, and triumph over my weakness."

"Cease, I beseech you, these keen unmerited reproaches, Jaquelina!" cried the duke: "little have I deserved them of you.—To give my griefs free scope on quitting you, I sought the retirement of this spot. Blessed may it be hereafter! It has yielded a balm to heal my sorrows!"—Forbear, my lord, a repetition so insulting to the wife of Touraine! and let me fly from a place which has so unhappily betrayed me, and rendered me for ever hateful to myself."—"Go, then, madam!" returned the prince reproachfully, "since you have found me so unworthy your confidence, since you will not vouchsafe me

the few short moments you will ever pass with the ill-fated Gloucester.”—“What is it you would say, my lord?” cried the princess without attempting to move away—“Oh! I had a thousand things to impart; but your anger has banished them from my memory.”

“Well, then, my lord, if my forgiveness will console you, you have it: no more shall I think of the offence.”—“Refuse me not your hand then, Jaquelina, as a token!”—The princess held it out to the enraptured prince, who could scarcely restrain himself from devouring it with kisses.

The lady Blanch had observed the evident distraction of the duke, and her jealous eye had penetrated through the assumed composure of Jaquelina. She had observed also, that, a very short time after the princess had quitted the palace, the duke had followed and taken the same path. This was sufficient to awaken her suspicions; and concluding they had retired from the throng
by

by appointment, she determined to watch their steps in secret.

At the moment the prince was pressing his lips to the hand which the princess had given with some emotion, and pouring forth an effusion of love, she burst from her concealment, and stood before the equally astonished and disconcerted pair.

Gloucester, vexed and confounded at the interruption, instantly let go the princess, who, covered with confusion, hung down her head, and was slowly retiring.

“Do not let my presence interrupt you!” cried Blanch with a malicious smile; “I meant not to obtrude upon your privacy: it was chance alone that drew me to this spot.”

“What mean you, lady Blanch?” cried Jaqueline trembling and affrighted.—“Your own heart will best explain my meaning!” replied Blanch.—“No, madam!” cried Gloucester stepping forwards with dignified anger: “it is impossible a heart so

pure, so spotless, as that which fills the princess Jaquelina's bosom, can dive into the ambiguity and darkness that lurks in yours."—"No doubt," returned Blanch enraged at the severity as well as justice of this remark—"no doubt your highness has sufficient proof of its purity!"—So saying, she turned away, and was quitting the place, when Jaquelina, agonized beyond expression at what had passed, and foreseeing the malignant representation which Blanch would give of the affair, sprung forwards in order to detain her—"Oh stay! for pity stay!" exclaimed she, forcibly holding her, "and I will explain the cause of all that you have seen."—"I require no explanation!" returned Blanch with a significant sneer: "I am entitled to none. The situation, too, in which I saw your highness, sufficiently explains your sentiments; doubtless it was highly becoming the consort of Touraine—and the pure, the spotless Jaquelina!"—"Cruel, injurious woman!" exclaimed the princess
burst.

bursting into tears, and ceasing any longer to detain her.

“ Devilish and infernal spirit, rather call her,” cried the duke transported with rage, “ that can traduce such angelic purity and unsullied innocence !”

The distress of Jaquelina is not to be described. It was in vain that the prince attempted to console and soothe her. She hurried from a spot which had caused her such humiliation, and, though trembling and almost sinking to the ground at every step, peremptorily refused the assistance of an arm, which Gloucester earnestly pressed her to accept: “ Alas !” cried he overwhelmed with grief, “ what have I done to occasion this displeasure ?”—“ Is it not you,” exclaimed the princess, “ who are the cause of this deep, this indelible shame !—O God !” continued she, clasping her hands in an agony of grief—“ To become suspected !—Never, never more shall I know peace !”—“ Accursed malignant wretch that has caused this anguish !” exclaimed

the duke : “ Would to God it were a man had dared to pass this insult on thee ! this very hour should his death have made atonement for thy wrongs ! And can you, Jaquelina,” continued he with mournful tenderness, “ can you listen only to your resentment, and distract by your anger a man who quits—abandons what he prizes most on earth to pleasure you ? Think, oh think ! perhaps we meet no more !” His voice faltered —— “ And that you send me from your presence wretched, beyond description wretched, if I am to bear with me the burden of your displeasure !”

The princess was too generous and too noble to retain a causeless resentment—Her pity was excited ; perhaps a tenderer string was touched by the evident distress of Gloucester—“ I was to blame, my lord,” cried she deeply sighing, “ to reproach you ! It is myself alone that merit censure.”

“ You merit censure !” exclaimed the prince—“ *you* ! the most irreproachable of women ! By heavens there is not one thought,

thought, one sentiment in that loved bosom which is not pure and chaste as those which angels harbour!—Once more accursed be the fiend which could asperse thee!—Oh! when parted, when far removed from Jaquelina, her beauty and her innocence will equally be impressed upon this heart!”

By this time they had reached the palace; and Jaquelina, quite overcome by the late transactions, retired for the remainder of the evening to her chamber. The next morning the princess found herself too much indisposed to receive the duke before his departure: the grief and painful mortification which she had undergone preyed incessantly on her health and spirits—an alarming fever was the consequence; for several days her life was thought in danger.

The tenderness and unremitting attention of the prince her husband during her illness smote Jaquelina to the heart—Her conscience hourly told her how undeserving she was of this goodness—she reproached her—
her—

herself incessantly for the ungrateful return she had made to his love—and but waited till her health was re-established, to disclose to him, painful as the confession would be, a secret that hung heavy upon her mind, determined to trust to his generosity for the consequences.

She communicated her intentions to the lady Ulrica, who, alarmed for the event, attempted by every entreaty to dissuade the princess from such a measure; but Jaquelina, when once convinced of the propriety of her intention, was ever inflexibly firm, and resisted with steadiness all the arguments that went to turn her from her purpose. Till her spirits were equal to the task she had imposed upon herself, she tried, by every return her grateful heart could suggest, to shew how sensible she was of his tenderness. The unceasing anxiety of Touraine, and the little attention he had paid to his own health during his wife's indisposition, caused a visible alteration in his appearance.

The

The change sensibly affected Jaquelina :
 “ You mean to destroy yourself, my lord ! ”
 cried the princess, regarding him with
 tenderness, whilst the most grateful emo-
 tions swelled her heart : “ Alas ! I am un-
 worthy of such goodness ! ” — “ Say not so,
 my Jaquelina, my angel ! ” returned the
 prince, pressing her with warmth to his
 bosom : “ Seek not to dissuade me from
 using every endeavour to preserve a life
 with which my own is inseparably con-
 nected. ” — The heart of Jaquelina smote
 her at this tenderness, and she could only
 apply the hand of the prince with emotion
 to her lips, whilst tears of contrition, gra-
 titude and regard started from her eye.
 It cannot be supposed but that the illness of
 the princess at such a juncture would ex-
 pose her to the malignant remarks of the
 lady Blanch, who indeed had not been
 slow in communicating to Father John the
 scene she had witnessed, and the insult she
 had received in consequence.

The Father heard her with indignation
 and

and surprise, but had the prudence to lay a positive injunction on the young lady to preserve an inviolable secrecy on the subject. This prohibition was highly displeasing to the exasperated Blanch; yet she did not dare, in opposition to his dread command, to divulge a transaction which would so much have gratified her malignant disposition.

Jaquelina, grateful for the cares of the prince, on her recovery tried, by every endearment, to make him sensible how much she felt herself obliged by his kindness. But now no longer were her caresses received with pleasure by Touraine; a thorough alteration had taken place in his behaviour towards her: he became absent, cold, and dejected; and no longer than what absolute necessity required did he remain in her company. Sometimes he would regard her for a length of time with fixed and silent attention; his eyes would fill with tears of tenderness; then, appearing sensible of his weakness, he would
hurry

hurry from her presence as if ashamed of his emotion.—Though grieved at this estrangement, and suspecting the cause to have originated from the malignity of Blanch; yet the princess was loth to think that any heart could be capable of such inhuman perfidy:—she waited therefore impatiently for an opportunity of acknowledging her fault; but the repulsive coldness of the prince often checked the discovery which hung upon her lips, and effectually damped the small share of courage which she had long been summoning to aid her in the humiliating confession which she thought it her duty to make.

One day, however, observing the prince unusually low and dejected while he was sitting alone with her, remarking too that he regarded her with more tenderness than he had of late evinced, she felt herself inspired with resolution, and resolved to come to an explanation.

“Are you not well, my lord?” cried Jaquelina, laying her trembling hand upon

on his arm, and looking at him with an affectionate anxiety.—“ Whatever pain I feel, madam,” returned the prince, with a reproachful aspect, at the same time coldly withdrawing his arm, “ originates from you !” and, without waiting for the confession which was now bursting from her lips, he abruptly quitted the apartment.

Unable longer to bear this change of conduct in an object who deserved so well, and was so nearly connected with her, the princess hesitated for a moment, and then resolutely followed the duke to his study.

He was traversing his apartment in visible disorder, when Jaquelina entered, pale and trembling, and, before he could prevent her, had thrown herself at his feet. The prince was surprised at her behaviour, and in vain attempted to raise her from the ground.—“ No, my lord !” cried she, resisting every effort ; “ never will I rise till you both know and pardon the crime that compels me to this humiliating posture !”—“ What crime,” cried the duke
with

with much emotion, "can Jaquelina accuse herself of, and Touraine not forgive?"—"Ah! I know too well your goodness, and my own unworthiness!"—"Speak not so harshly of yourself, my Jaquelina; your heart is pure and innocent; never have I doubted it, nor ever will I."—"How undeserving am I of this kindness! Alas, what will you think of Jaquelina when I tell you, that, contrary to the duty she owed to the best of husbands—Shall I proceed?" continued the princess, hiding her tears and blushes in the bosom of the prince: "How will you despise me when you hear that this wayward, this ungrateful heart has been estranged from its rightful lord!"—"And is too sensible of the merits of the accomplished Gloucester!" cried the prince interrupting her: "Yes, my Jaquelina, I could have spared you this confession!" continued he with warmth; then clasping her with emotion to his bosom—"but I would not distress your feelings, nor prevent a communication which doubly

doubly endears you to this heart.”—“And can you forgive this trespass of your Jaquelina? Believe me, if I have offended, it has been an involuntary, and, I will add, an almost imperceptible transgression.”—“Forgive! I glory in this ingenuous frankness, this confidence in my love: Would to heaven I could reward thee, Jaquelina, as thou deservest!” continued the prince, gazing on her with a degree of mournful tenderness: “but, alas! the deep yet unavailing regret which my heart must feel—” He could not finish the sentence, and as he turned aside a manly tear started from his eye.—“Oh my lord!” cried the princess penetrated to the soul, “think not meanly of your Jaquelina! Believe me, all impressions but those of your goodness shall henceforth be erased from this heart: it shall learn to beat alone for Touraine!”

The prince, greatly affected, pressed her warmly to his bosom; and the reconciliation for which the young duchess had so long and so ardently panted was now happily

pily accomplished. Those sensations, too keen and exquisite in their nature for frail humanity long to support, having now subsided, the princess expressed a desire to know from what source he had derived the information of her attachment to Gloucester; and was told by Touraine, that an anonymous letter had made known to him the fatal intelligence.

Jaquelina suspected, and with sufficient reason, that the lady Blanch was the author of the billet, and, without reserve, relates to the prince what had passed in the interview between her and Gloucester the evening previous to his departure, with the sudden and unexpected appearance of that lady. The prince agreed with Jaquelina in attributing it to the malice of lady Blanch; and both joined in condemning the badness of that heart which could mischievously contrive the disunion of two persons, neither of whom had ever injured her in the smallest degree.

CHAP. VI.

POSSESSING a strength of mind not frequently to be found in one of her tender years and sex, Jaquelina combated a passion inimical to her peace by every exertion of those powers which nature had given her, and which education had served to strengthen; yet memory sometimes getting the better of reason would associate with each loved walk, or favourite amusement, the object whose remembrance she was equally bound from motives of duty as well as interest to banish from her mind.

Sensible of the ill consequences of indulging reflection on the past, she became anxious to quit the scenes which so forcibly brought back the recollection of former times; and she hoped, by visiting the court of France, to divert her mind from dwelling on those dangerous subjects.

Without immediately adverting to the
reasons

reasons which prompted her, the princess signified to Touraine her desire of setting out on the long-intended journey to the court of his father.

The duke, who had only in compliance with the solicitations of Bavaria deferred paying his duty to his father, after an event of such importance had taken place, heard with pleasure the request of the princess; and having extorted a reluctant consent from the duke, preparations were made for their immediate departure. The parting from her father was painful to the heart of Jaquelina, who however, conscious of the propriety of the separation, bore it with a becoming firmness. The duchess, her mother, coldly embraced her, and, bidding her adieu, promised to pray for her happiness; whilst Father John, though he had previously bestowed his wholesome admonitions and prudential advice, was so preposterously zealous as to detain the impatient Touraine for a whole hour, whilst he tediously exhorted the weeping Jaquelina, who,

who, in her concern at quitting a beloved father, and a nation so deservedly dear to her, was little attentive to the sage counsels and instructions that were so plentifully administered by her ghostly preceptor. At length, the sermon ended, the royal pair took leave of Hainault, and, after a journey distinguished by no remarkable adventure, arrived in France. They were received with every testimony of love and esteem by the whole family of Charles; and feasts and tournaments were given by the court in honour of the duke's return. The continued hurry and dissipation in which Jaquelina was necessarily engaged, diverted her mind from dwelling on those events which were yet too recent to be easily banished from her thoughts.

During the two years she passed at the French court, she contracted a strict intimacy with the princess Catharine, the sister of Touraine: a congeniality of sentiment cemented the union of two minds both innocent and amiable; and when the period

arrived which was to separate them, a mutual regret was felt by each princess.

The young duchess, however, finding those impressions grow fainter and fainter which had disturbed her peace when she first arrived at the court of Charles, grew impatient and anxious to return to the fond indulgent father, who, she well knew, counted the tedious moments of her absence.

About this time died Henry the Fourth of England; and, soon after, a war broke out between France and that kingdom.

Jaquelina could not help feeling with chagrin an event which must make her regard Gloucester in the light of an enemy. Bitterly would she lament this cruel stroke of fortune—"Hard destiny," cried she, "that as an enemy henceforward I must consider him to whom I owe so much! Alas, perhaps in battle his weapon may be raised to smite Touraine—Ah, Gloucester! canst thou aim against a life so dear to Jaquelina? Wilt thou, my friend? No; thy

generous ready arm would rather be uplifted to defend him—to shield him from the murderous stroke which thy ambitious countrymen may have levelled at his heart.”

The presence of the duke of Touraine being required in the field as second in command of the French forces, the duke of Bavaria, uncertain of the termination of a contest betwixt two such powerful kingdoms, was anxious that Jaquelina should reside at Hainault during the absence of her husband; and having gained the consent of Touraine to have his daughter with him, that same day on which he departed from Paris in order to join the army, the duchess took leave of the family of Charles, and set out for her father's dominions.

A lapse of several months had now taken place, when an officer of some distinction arrived at the court of Hainault, with letters from the duke of Touraine, and announced the speedy return of his master. The intelligence that occasioned this

this was unfavourable to the court of France; it was the complete and disgraceful overthrow of the French army at the battle of Agincourt.

The duke of Bavaria, grieved and confounded at these tidings, by which the interests of his Jaquelina were so much prejudiced, commanded the captain who had brought the inauspicious news into his presence, that he might have a more exact detail of an event that so much alarmed his parental feelings.

It would be an affront to the English reader to suppose it were necessary in this place to relate the incidents on which the British arms gained such immortal fame.

Strange and unnatural as it may appear, not all the particulars of that action, so destructive and so fatal to the cause of France, gave such a shock to the feelings of our heroine, as one incident which seemed to promise well to her country.

After a detail of other circumstances of the battle, the officer came to the event we

allude to, which he thus recounted:—

“ Amongst the enemies of France in the field of Agincourt, envy must allow the duke of Gloucester to have shone conspicuous; as a soldier I am bound to do justice to his valour.”

Jaquelina thanked the officer in her heart for this eulogium on Gloucester.

“ With an impetuosity scarcely to be credited he broke through the thickest of our ranks, mowing down with destructive arm the flower of our army, and with firm intrepid step advanced in the face of danger undaunted by the shower of weapons that flew around him—Alas! at each direful stroke he gave, France had cause to mourn the bravest of our sons—never but once did I see him decline the combat.”—“ Decline the combat!” interrupted Jaquelina faintly: “ Could Gloucester e’er shun danger when fighting for his country?”—“ Never but once, madam, did he refuse to engage!” continued the officer bowing; “ and then his adversary appeared in the form of Touraine!”

raine!"—The princess arose, without reply, and retired to the window.—"Proceed, sir!" cried Father John impatiently: "Methinks you dwell with too much warmth on the merits of our enemy."

"However in the field we may oppose our foe," replied the captain, "in private we are bound by duty to give due praise to valour wherever it is found."—"Right!" cried Bavaria: "I approve your noble commendation; a generous acknowledgment of an enemy's merit reflects honour on him who bestows it—But, pray, proceed! I am too interested in the subject to bear with digressions."—"It should seem," continued the officer, bowing low to William, and resuming his narrative—"it should seem as if a kind of fatality had directed Gloucester to encounter Touraine: twice did he meet him face to face, and twice did he turn away and seek for other adversaries."—The colour of Jaquelina went and came during this last speech—"And

Touraine," cried she with some impatience, "did Touraine seem to pursue the prince?"

"The visor of the duke being down, prevented our general from distinguishing the person of Gloucester: at length, on meeting a third time, he couched his spear, and was about to make a furious attack, when the English hero, pointing his weapon to the ground, "Sooner," cried he, "than aim a hostile blow at the heart of 'Touraine, this spear should be pointed at my own."—He was surprised at this address, but did not however recognise the voice; on which the prince, raising his helmet, discovered the warlike visage of the duke of Gloucester.

"Can it be Gloucester?" cried the duke confounded.

: For a moment he stood irresolute—
Then turning towards the English general with softened looks, "However it may be contrary to interest, nay perhaps to duty, to spare an enemy, Touraine can never
seek

seek the life of him who has preserved an existence dearer to him than his own : Heaven, I trust, will interpose to prevent any future anxiety.”—“ As enemies, my lord, “ I hope it will ! ”—replied the duke : “ Farewell ! ”—They parted.

Jaquelina at this relation could scarcely conceal her emotion : trembling and agitated beyond expression, she leant for support against the chair she had quitted.

The officer went on : “ Unfortunately for Gloucester, this short parley had drawn him from the ranks of which he had the immediate command ; and a party of our cavalry, who had beheld with indignation the bravest of their lines cut to pieces by the intrepid valour of the duke, now perceived his situation and surrounded him.

“ With unabated courage the prince received their charge, and for some time maintained his ground though combating against such a superior number ; till at length a blow from behind by the mace of a soldier, who had well watched his opportunity,

unity, felled him to the ground, and death seemed to environ him on every side. Already had the wrathful foe raised aloft his vengeful arm to give the mortal stroke, and the fallen hero with steady firmness had resigned himself to his impending fate, when king Henry, perceiving his brother's danger, rushed like lightning to his rescue, and saved him from the death which appeared inevitable."—The latter part of this account was unheard by Jaquelina, who, insensible to all but Gloucester's danger, had sunk, at the moment he was described to have fallen by the blow of his assailant, into the arms of lady Ulrica, who having before observed the fainting princess, had held herself at hand to succour her.

Many minutes elapsed before she recovered her senses sufficiently to be made sensible that the duke had escaped unhurt by the timely intervention of his brother; and then, ashamed and confounded at recollecting the weakness she had betrayed, she retired covered with confusion to her chamber.

“ Oh !

“ Oh! our Jaquelina,” cried Bavaria, turning towards the officer, “ is not heroine sufficient to hear, without emotion, the detail of a bloody battle !”

“ True, my liege!” said Father John with a sarcastic smile, “ and the latter part of the account called forth the sensibility of the princess in a most wonderful manner !” “ She had been ungrateful else,” returned the duke with warmth: “ I see not why a public quarrel should banish from the bosom of individuals the memory of benefits received.”

The invidious remarks of the uncharitable priest were silenced by this reply, and he could only when in private with the duchess lament the blindness of Bavaria to his daughter's faults.

CHAP. VII.

THE repeated successes of Henry preyed deep upon the heart of the French monarch. He beheld himself gradually stript of his dominions; and his mind sunk under the pressure of affliction, till the loss of his reason completed his misfortunes.

It was during the influence of this malady, perhaps the most terrible to which human nature is subject, that Henry concluded a peace on terms every way so disadvantageous to the interests of France.

A few weeks only elapsed before he espoused the princess Catharine; and, in despite of the dauphin's just claim, had himself declared presumptive heir to the crown.

An attempt was made by that prince to wrest from the ambitious conqueror those rights of which he had so unjustly possessed himself; but after a feeble and unequal contest of some months, he was forced to
relinquish

relinquish his lawful claims to the most powerful Henry, and submit for the present with seeming patience to his fate.

Sickened and dispirited by the scenes which were now exhibited at the court of France, and pained beyond bearing at the afflicting sight of a father deprived of reason, Touraine abandoned a place which excited only sensations of anguish, and retired once more to Hainault, where, in the society of his beloved Jaquelina, he hoped to obtain, for his greatly troubled soul, that quiet to which it had so long been a stranger.

The death however of the dauphin soon recalled him from the enjoyment of this short-lived repose. Louis had fallen a sacrifice to the mortification of seeing himself for ever excluded from the brilliant prospect of mounting his father's throne; and on succeeding to the dignity of his late brother, Touraine felt it incumbent on him to take an active part in the government of France, which, except at intervals, his father was incapable of conducting.

At this juncture a most powerful faction prevailed at court, which for some time prevented his putting his intentions into execution.

Louis, the late dauphin, on being appointed regent during the insanity of his father, had bestowed the office of constable on a nobleman who beheld with the most irreconcilable hatred the whole house of Burgundy.

The duke of that name had long sustained an important part in the administration; and, on his return from the battle of Agincourt, in spite of the opposition that was attempted to be made, resumed his share in the government.

Preparations seemed to be now making for a civil war.

As the death of Louis took place at a time of his father's lunacy, the constable had remained in possession of the king's person.

John, who now dropped the title of Touraine, as the first act of his authority, ordered

ordered these noblemen to lay down their arms, and quietly submit to his power. Burgundy straightway obeyed; but the constable refused to relinquish the charge of the king, unless the prince would declare war against the duke his kinsman.

This insolent reply was treated with the contempt it merited; and Burgundy, grateful for the dauphin's conduct, offered his assistance towards reinstating him in those rights from which he was so unjustly kept by the constable.

The necessary measures were now taken for enforcing those claims, and wresting from the constable the power he had usurped. In pursuance of the advice of the dukes of Bavaria and Burgundy, John, accompanied by them, repaired with a considerable force to Compiègne. Bavaria, desirous of effecting, if possible by fair means, the establishment of his son-in-law's right, left John at Compiègne, and with a small retinue set out for Paris.

On arriving in that city he demanded,
in

in the name of the dauphin, a relinquishment of the person of the king, and an acknowledgment of his power, with the restoration of the duke of Burgundy to the former high office which he had held in administration. The constable, who detested the very name of Burgundy, returned a haughty answer to William's proposal, intimating, that the dauphin should never be acknowledged at the court of France until he renounced all connection with that prince. Bavaria, justly enraged at this presumption, angrily told him, his son-in-law, united with the power of Burgundy, would soon make him repent his insolence and lower his tone; then immediately breaking up the conference, he quitted Paris and repaired to Compiègne.

Upon his return he related with indignation the ill success of his negotiation; and preparations were forthwith made for the purpose of compelling this ambitious peer to relinquish the unjustifiable detention of Charles.

It

It was observed with concern and astonishment by his friends, that the dauphin beheld himself deprived of all the privileges of his birth, his father subject to the power of a cruel and vindictive nobleman, the queen his mother banished from her family and the court, with an apparent insensibility. A benumbing torpor appeared to have stupefied all the nobler faculties of his mind ; and when he was urged by his friends to exert himself in order to regain that station to which he was entitled by his birth, he left the whole trouble and fatigue of the undertaking to his father-in-law and Burgundy.

On the evening previous to the day on which the important struggle was to be made, the prince was seized suddenly with convulsive pains : in the course of a few hours his senses entirely forsook him ; yet the name of Jaquelina hovered incessantly upon his lips. The extreme agonies he endured at length deprived him of the powers of speech ; and this deprivation
seemed

seemed to inspire him with a degree of rage that was extraordinary in a prince of his naturally mild disposition.

Frequently, on his making an ineffectual effort to articulate his wants, his whole frame would be convulsed with fury; his eyes sparkled with passion, while deep and indignant groans were heard to burst from him.

The whole night was passed in a repetition of these convulsive struggles, till at length the disorder overcame his constitution, and towards morning, to the grief and despair of his surrounding friends, he expired amidst tortures too shocking to witness or describe. In addition to the affliction that William felt at the early loss of a son, in whom there was a promise of every amiable quality, he had every reason, from the appearance of the body the following morning, to suspect that the prince had been taken off by that slow poison whose nature it is to attack the intellects before it affects the vital parts.

As

As the mind of Bavaria was strongly possessed with this idea, grief and indignation both prompted him to take a signal vengeance on the cruel author of so black a deed ; and as he had little doubt that the constable had been the plotter of this infamous design, from a principle of justice, as well as revenge, he solemnly determined that this nobleman should not long escape the punishment due to his crimes.

Burgundy, still acting in concert with Bavaria, sent immediate letters to the English monarch, announcing the decease of the dauphin, and stating the strong reasons his friends had to conclude that the prince had been carried off by poison : he at the same time demanded, in justice to his memory, a supply of men to revenge his death. Henry, without hesitation, granted the request, and added to the army of the two princes a force sufficient to expel the usurper.

A plan was now concerted by the dukes of Bavaria and Burgundy to take the capital

tal by surprise, and by that means gain possession of the unhappy Charles. By the skilful management of their chief general this design was happily accomplished: having introduced his men by night into the city, he acquired, without much difficulty, possession of the town, and secured the person of the king.

A dreadful massacre, as may be supposed, ensued amongst the partisans of the constable; nor did that nobleman himself any longer escape the vengeance which his crimes had so long called out for. Having suffered every indignity which rage and hatred could suggest, he was murdered in the street, and his body dragged to the feet of William, where it was left with every mark of ignominy and disgrace.

All the noblemen who adhered to his party experienced, on this occasion, a similar fate; and many hours elapsed before the vengeance of the army was sated. At length, the tumult having subsided, the queen, accompanied by the two dukes, entered

tered the city in triumph, and peace was once more restored.

To those who have formed a right judgment of the heart of Jaquelina, it will not appear surprising that the death of a prince, whom she had so many reasons to esteem, afflicted her with the most poignant grief. In addition to her sorrow for his loss, she was wounded by the recollection of the injury she had done him, in bestowing her affections on another. The many estimable qualities which the prince had possessed, now all presented themselves to her mind. The unceasing love he had shewn, and the generosity of his conduct towards her when she had given him such cause for a different behaviour, as they recurred to her remembrance, filled her with the tenderest emotions of esteem, gratitude, and regret.

To indulge her sorrow, as well as to shew respect to his memory, she secluded herself, during the first months of her widowhood, from all society excepting that of her nearest relations.

Having

Having succeeded in taking revenge on the murderer of his much-loved son-in-law, William now bent his thoughts towards Hainault, where he soon happily arrived. With the most unfeigned rapture did Jacqueline fly to the arms of her fond indulgent father, after so long an absence, and the encounter of so many perils. It was the first sensation of pleasure she had known since the death of Touraine, though it was embittered. The sad events which had occurred since their separation were too recent to be forgotten; and they shed at once the mingled tears of joy and sorrow.

About this time a dreadful and unexpected disaster befel the house of Burgundy. Upon the death of John of Touraine, his brother Charles succeeded to the dignity of dauphin. The character of this prince was, in every respect, the reverse of John: cruel, selfish, and cool in the execution of his designs, he contrived to render his passions subservient to the dark purposes of a mind
from

from which every generous sentiment was banished.

Though in his heart he espoused the cause of the late constable, as he had an equal dislike with that nobleman to the house of Burgundy, yet for some time he found it prudent to conceal his real sentiments with a policy rarely to be met with in one of his years: he took advantage of his youth to excuse himself from the necessity of joining either party; and thus continued to preserve a most strict neutrality.

The alarming advances of the aspiring Henry were the motives which prevented his immediately avowing the inveterate hatred which rankled in his breast against the duke of Burgundy, as the assistance of that prince was of essential service towards repelling the farther encroachment of the hostile invader.

Burgundy, forgetting, in the love he bore his country, the dislike he entertained for a prince of Charles's character, promised to
furnish

furnish him with all the supplies he could muster, for the purpose of supporting his rights. It was then that the dauphin, embracing him with an appearance of affection that altogether beguiled the unsuspecting duke, swore an unalterable gratitude and friendship.

However, when his affairs, through the assistance furnished by Burgundy and some other foreign powers, wore a more promising aspect, he forgot his obligations to that duke, and, with an ingratitude consistent only with his character, refused to appear at court whilst Burgundy maintained his former seat in council ; by this measure aiming at once to engross the whole of the administration, and at the same time ridding himself of a prince whose person he detested, and whose influence he dreaded.

Finding that Burgundy had gained too great an ascendancy over the minds of the people for this scheme to take effect, he pretended to conquer his disinclination for transacting business with him, and desired
the

the duke to overlook and forget all that had passed. Notwithstanding this outward shew of reconciliation and good will, the dauphin still harboured in his breast the most deadly malice against the duke, and only waited for a favourable opportunity of putting his black designs into execution. As he was well convinced the duke, who at this time resided at a small town near Paris, maintained a considerable force with him, he contrived to raise, on various pretences, an army of twenty thousand men, and surrounded, at some distance, the place where Burgundy had taken up his abode.

Without evincing the smallest intentions of hostility, he invited that prince to an amicable meeting, to be held on the bridge belonging to the town, in order that they might confer about the most efficacious measures to be pursued for making a joint campaign against their English enemies.

The duke of Burgundy, without hesitation, complied with the proposal; and,
taking

taking with him only a few necessary attendants, quitted his palace. On the road, however, he was accosted by a soldier belonging to the dauphin, to whom he had formerly rendered some important service. The man, on the approach of the duke, threw himself at his feet, and, with tears in his eyes, besought him to return without keeping his appointment.

Burgundy, surpris'd at this address, commanded him to declare the motives which prompted him to stop his progress. After much hesitation the man acknowledged, that he had every reason to suspect that the dauphin intended to assassinate his highness if he repaired to the bridge.

The duke, brave and unsuspicious in his disposition, disdained to give credit to an accusation that was founded upon surmise. He could not be brought to believe that a scheme so treacherous and base could ever enter into the mind of a prince to whom he had rendered such signal assistance; and, to

shew the entire reliance he had upon his honour, without adding one to his retinue he proceeded to the meeting, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the soldier and his attendants.

He had shortly, however, reason to repent the confidence he had placed in the dauphin. No sooner had he reached the place appointed, than a large party of armed men entered his tent. The truth of the soldier's information, and the dauphin's villainy, were now but too apparent; and the duke perceived in the countenances of those around him, that they were to be his executioners. Determined then to sell his life at the dearest rate, he immediately put himself at the head of the few attendants that accompanied him, and prepared for the unequal attack.

Notwithstanding the desperate valour with which that unfortunate prince and his faithful followers for a long time fought, superior numbers at length prevailed, and

an end was put to the existence of the brave and ill-fated Burgundy.

He was succeeded in his dukedom by his son Philip, count of Charlalois, who no sooner had heard of the base assassination of his father than he became impatient to revenge his death. In order to accomplish his purpose, he solicited the aid of Henry ; promising, in return for the assistance he might lend him, to join his party on the continent. The English monarch embraced with pleasure the offer of alliance with a prince of Burgundy's great power, and readily granted the supplies he demanded. The young duke, taking advantage of one of the lucid intervals of the French king, presented himself at court in deep mourning, and demanded justice on the murderer of his father.

Charles summoned the dauphin and his accomplices to appear at the marble table ; and, on their paying no regard to the citation, they were convicted, attainted, and con-

condemned to perpetual exile. The dauphin on this occasion appealed to God and his own sword against the proceedings which might be carried on to his prejudice, in the name of his father, by the Burgundian faction.

CHAP. VIII.

JAQUELINA had not long rejoiced in the return of her beloved parent to Hainault, when both she and the whole court were alarmed by the visible change in the duke's appearance: his strength daily forsook him, his spirits as well as appetite entirely fled, and a heavy languor constantly oppressed him. Soon were the apprehensions which these symptoms had excited changed into a dreadful certainty, as not long after his highness, having sat later than usual in council, was suddenly taken ill, and expired in the arms of one of his attendants, who was supporting him to his chamber.

What a heart-rending affliction was this for Jaquelina! Incessantly did she accuse Heaven of cruelty, in not having terminated her existence together with that of a parent who was so justly dear to her. This last
event

event seemed to complete her misfortunes ; her young heart (for she was yet under age) almost burst with its sorrows ; and the prospect before her brought little consolation to her mind.

Left as she now was to the entire guardianship and controul of an unfeeling and ambitious mother, she soon experienced a thorough change in her situation : the little liberty that was now afforded was spent by the princess in lamenting her irreparable loss.

Now and then, in the midst of her sorrows, a latent hope would present itself unbidden to her imagination, that the man whose image had never been totally obliterated from her memory, would perhaps take advantage of her situation, and become solicitous for that hand which it was now no longer a crime to give.

As the latter reflection arose in the mind of Jaquelina, it diffused a delicious sensation over her bosom, which those only are capable of conceiving who have experi-

enced what it is to love, and to be disappointed.

But the prospect of being one day happy with Gloucester became clouded as often as she reflected on the many years that must yet elapse before her minority would expire; and, independent of this consideration, she could not venture to indulge the hope that the duchess would ever give her concurrence to an union that clashed so much with her principles, as her prejudices made her regard the whole English nation as enemies, and as, from the influence of Father John, she had never beheld the duke of Gloucester with any cordial affection.

One supposition afflicted still more than all the rest: it was, that Gloucester, young, handsome, and engaging, the object of general admiration, might not preserve for her his regard till the tedious time had elapsed when she should have acquired the liberty of choice.

The good Ulrica, who now no longer reproved the princess's affection for Gloucester,

cester, condemned this promptitude to anticipate misfortune, tried to inspire her with confidence in the duke's fidelity, and endeavoured to cheer her hopes with brighter prospects. She did not however choose to touch upon the duchess's consent as being likely to be obtained, as she well knew the inflexible aversion she would have for the match.

The princess, it should have been mentioned before, had been induced to part with Edwy after Gloucester's departure, though it cost her dear to lose the company of her prattling favourite; yet motives of propriety and expediency seemed to require, that, after what had happened, she should no longer keep about her person one who constantly reminded her of the prince, and was always rehearsing his praise and commendation: she had therefore given him to a lady of the court, who was then about to quit Hainault, and who she knew would treat her young friend with the greatest tenderness.

About this time the lady returned, and, a few days after, lady Ulrica sent one of her domestics to the princess, requesting her company : “ There is a friend of mine, and an old acquaintance of your highness’s,” said she to Jaquelina, “ who is waiting with the most anxious impatience to see you.” —“ Pray introduce him !” said the princess courteously : “ any friend of my Ulrica’s will be welcome to me.”

Lady Ulrica on this quitted the apartment, and, in a few minutes after, returned with Edwy, who in an instant was at the feet of Jaquelina. The princess was affected even to tears; she raised him from the ground with much emotion.—“ And will you never again send your Edwy from you, madam?” said the boy in a supplicating tone : “ Ah! I could wish to live and die with you, and will promise to learn every thing you bid me, if you will but let me remain at Hainault.”

The princess hesitated; she knew not what to say; she cast a timid look at her friend.

friend.—“ Yes, Edwy !” cried that lady ;
 “ on those conditions the princess will consent that you shall live with her.”—“ What ! and for ever, madam ?” —“ Yes, if it is your wish.”

Jaquelina felt a fulness at her heart which she could not express : she arose, and, turning herself aside, a tear stole down her cheeks.

It will be easily imagined that the emotion of the princess was occasioned by certain associations of ideas which brought Edwy’s gallant master to her mind : one thought waked another ; and memory, importunate and vain, supplied the images of the past in endless succession.

Not long after, a report was circulated at the court of Hainault, that the duke of Gloucester was much enamoured of the charms of the lady Eleanor Cobham. The princess affected not to listen or give the smallest credit to this account : but, however she might disregard the report, she was in her heart seriously alarmed by it ; and,

when alone with the lady Ulrica, entreated her in the most moving terms to enquire into the truth of a rumour which she acknowledged filled her with the most cruel fears.

The little information which that lady, after many enquiries, was enabled to give the princess, did not tend to lessen the distress of her mind ; for, all the intelligence she could procure only corroborated the report of the duke's being seriously in love ; and Jaquelina was left a prey to a state of tormenting suspense.

The emotion the princess had unawares betrayed on first bearing the account of Gloucester's attachment to the lady Eleanor, did not escape the keen and penetrating eye of lady Blanch, who at once dived into the cause of her disorder. Desirous, if possible, of preventing that happiness to others which was denied to herself, and dreading that the prince would take advantage of Jaquelina's disengaged situation, and propose himself as a candidate for her hand,
she

she communicated to the duchess her suspicions, with the circumstances which induced her to form them.

The duchess, remembering that the English had caused the death of several of her nearest relatives, shuddered at the bare idea of Bavaria's being governed by a prince of that nation. Several were the consultations which she held upon this subject with her chief counsellor, Father John. This crafty priest, readily perceiving, if Jaquelina were allowed to wed Gloucester, that his power and authority would be at an end, was therefore altogether averse to the union. To the duchess he pretended that his disapprobation arose from the fears of innovation in the church and state, which he predicted would be the inevitable consequence if the English duke should be admitted into the family of Bavaria.

The result therefore of their consultations was, that, as soon as her mourning for Tournaine should expire, a proper match should

be found out, which might at once put an end to the pretensions of Gloucester.

A few months after the death of William, the young duke of Burgundy, with his cousin the duke of Brabant, arrived at the court of Hainault. The sight of Brabant struck horror to the soul of Jaquelina, as the remembrance of the alarm he had formerly occasioned her was still fresh upon her mind, nor was her aversion at all abated by time.

The duchess, much to the surprise of the princess, received the two dukes, her nephews, as guests whom she had expected. The proud, distant, and unbending manners of Philip prevented Jaquelina from deriving any pleasure from his society; and she could not help observing, that, on every occasion, he favoured the cause of Brabant. This circumstance alone would have been sufficient to make her behold Burgundy with dislike, had she not penetrated into the selfish motives which actuated him. He
well

well knew that by her union with Brabant, should there be no issue, the principality and duchies belonging to her house would infallibly descend to that of Burgundy.

The many conferences that were held by the duchess and this prince were the source of continual disquiet to the princess, as it was not difficult to divine that her future destination was the subject of them.

The attentions of Brabant were now become too particular not to excite the alarms of Jaquelina; yet, as he forbore to say any thing that could justify her taking umbrage, she was compelled to receive, with a forced complaisance, the suit of a man whom she equally feared and hated. From the moment she beheld the duke of Burgundy accompanied by Brabant, her apprehensive mind had portended much future uneasiness, as she was well convinced the sole object of their visit was to renew the proposals of the latter. She foresaw a scene of perpetual persecution; and, as she had no fond
parent

parent now to rescue her from oppression, she became alarmed for the consequences.

In despair we have often recourse to the most unaccountable expedients: inspired with a sudden hope of interesting Father John in her favour, provided she would flatter his pride by requesting his influence with the duchess, she sent for him to her apartment. Having communicated to him her suspicions, that Brabant intended to renew his offers, she, without any reserve, declared her unalterable determination never to give him her hand; a determination which sprung from her fixed and rooted hatred to his person: at the same time she besought the Father, as he knew her final resolve, to save her the disagreeable task of repeating her refusal to the duke, and to inform the duchess of her abhorrence of the match.

Father John heard her without betraying the smallest emotion—"Your highness," said he, cautiously avoiding any acknowledgment

ledgment that her suspicions were well
 founded, "no doubt has sufficient reasons
 for this repugnance to a union that would
 so greatly benefit the interests of your
 house?"—"My father," replied the prin-
 cess, "allowed me a privilege, of which I
 would not wish to be now deprived."—
 "True, madam; but that tender youth,
 which is apt to take up ridiculous preju-
 dices, moved him to grant you this indul-
 gence: at present, you have not this plea
 to urge in your excuse."—"Perhaps not,"
 returned Jaquelina; "but yet those preju-
 dices, as you style them, still remain with
 equal force."—"Are they not increased,
 madam?" cried the Father, regarding the
 countenance of the princess with the most
 inquisitive eyes, who, unable to bear the
 scrutiny, retreated to the window, and re-
 mained silent—"Surely," continued he
 as if surprised at her emotion, "so soon,
 so recently after the loss of your late hus-
 band, it is not possible! You cannot yet
 have

have formed a fresh attachment.”—“ No, sir !” cried the princess rising with dignity, and provoked at his effrontery, “ the daughter of William, and the widow of Touraine, merits not so injurious an imputation.”—“ Pardon, madam, a freedom of speech,” returned Father John, “ which my zeal for the service of your house has inspired ! Happy am I to find, by your own confession, that your affections are not biaſſed in favour of any one.”—“ My confession, Father !” cried the princess impatiently ; “ I have confessed nothing.”—“ Do I hear right ?” exclaimed he with an affected astonishment ; “ did you not this moment acknowledge that you had formed no attachment subsequent to the death of Touraine ?”—“ I did !” returned Jaquelina.—“ Surely, if that be the case, your highness cannot blame an inference which in justice to your fidelity to your late husband I could not fail to draw.”

This was probing the feelings of Jaquelina

lina to the quick : she writhed under the severity of the stroke, and arose from her seat scarcely knowing what she did.

“ Your affections, then, not being engaged,” continued the crafty priest, “ it will be impossible for me, consistently with my regard and my duty for your family, to refrain from condemning a prejudice which has not reason for its foundation.”—

“ True, sir,” cried the princess, unable to conceal her vexation, “ your argument is just : but I take blame on myself for troubling you in this affair.”—“ Oh, madam,” returned the Father with the most provoking calmness, “ my advice is always at your service ; and I need not repeat that it is my decided opinion that you should accept the offers of Brabant.”—“ I thank you, Father,” returned the princess, “ for your good offices ; but, in this instance, you must excuse my following my own judgment ;” and, without waiting for a reply, quitted the apartment.

Not long after this conversation, the
duchess

duchess gave orders for the ministers of state, and the several deputies from the different states of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, to be summoned on a day appointed. On their being assembled in the great council-chamber, where she presided as regent, she sent word for the princess to attend.

Jaquelina had never publicly been presented to such an august assembly; yet, possessing that strength of mind, that conscious dignity which became her exalted station, she appeared before the representatives of the people she was one day to govern, with a modest confidence that interested every beholder. To the great distress, yet scarcely to the surprise of the princess, a few moments only after her arrival, the duchess, in the name of the people, proffered for her acceptance the duke of Brabant.

The duchess of Bavaria had artfully contrived this opportunity of proposing to her daughter her favourite nephew; and had
flattered

flattered herself, that the princess, intimidated by the unexpected summons to appear before such assembly, would be induced to give a kind of compliance, which she meant afterwards to construe into a consent not to be recalled.

In forming this opinion of the princess, however, she had totally misinterpreted her character; as she possessed a mind not to be taken by surprise, or frightened by appearances into measures against which both her heart and her judgment revolted.

At once she saw through the motives which had actuated her mother to call this meeting, and summon her before it; and viewing, with a firm and collected air the numerous assembly, who waited, in respectful silence, her resolve, she thus addressed them:—

“ The daughter of your much-loved William assures her people, that the same sentiments of affection glow in her breast which animated her yet lamented sire: that when that period arrives which shall invest

invest her with the sovereign power, she will, like him, use it but for their happiness and good. To emulate his great actions shall be her study, and to tread in his footsteps her pride. And oh! thou dear departed saint!" continued she, lifting up with emotion her eyes, "strengthen, inspire me with a portion of that wisdom and goodness which so eminently distinguished thee, that thy daughter may not unworthily fill the throne!"

A moment she paused: then again addressing the admiring assembly—"You have proffered to her acceptance the duke of Brabant. In every event she will consult your good; but on no occasion will she act with more circumspection than in the choice of him who is to share her rule as well as her affections. Her youth requires her not to be precipitate; but in one point is she already determined—Brabant never shall be the husband of Jaquelina!"

As she finished this address, she bent her eyes with graceful modesty to the ground,

ground, and, not without emotion, awaited their approval.

Shame and resentment dyed the cheeks of the duchess when she heard this firm denial from the lips of the princess; yet before she could sufficiently command her passion to give vent to her indignation, the assembly, gratified by the sight of the daughter of their beloved William, and charmed at her courteous manners, by loud and continued acclamations effectually suppressed the angry remonstrances which the duchess had prepared; and finding her schemes thus rendered abortive, she broke up the council and departed.

All the courage with which the princess had been inspired before the assembly, vanished at the idea of encountering, unprotected, the angry violence of her mother: she trembled with apprehension, as the time approached. Rage and disappointment were equally depicted on the countenance of the duchess, as the princess, with timid
and

and downcast looks, entered into her presence.

“Hear me, Jaquelina!” cried her highness, raising her voice, and speaking with a stern and determined air—“Till you consent to espouse the duke of Brabant, you must cease to look upon me as your parent.”—The princess threw herself at the feet of the duchess—“Oh, my mother!” cried she, “can you then so cruelly renounce a daughter who, but in one respect, has no will but yours? Will you, can you, shut your heart against the voice of nature, which must plead within you for your child? Oh, repeal, I conjure you, this cruel sentence!”

“I repeat,” said the duchess unmoved, “my first resolve: Consent to become the wife of Brabant, and these arms shall instantly be open to receive you as a daughter worthy of their embrace!”

“Oh! never, never can I consent to a condition so abhorred!” cried the princess;
“and

“and yet for this must I then live a stranger to the only parent that is left me! Alas,” continued she glowing with indignation, “it is to Philip, it is to my cousin Burgundy, I owe this renunciation: but for his interference, Brabant would no more have renewed his suit!”

“Yes,” cried the duchess, “your cousin is willing to preserve you and your country from that destruction into which you would plunge it, by the indulgence of a blind and shameful passion!”

“Say rather, madam,” exclaimed the princess, wounded to the soul at this cutting reflection, “that Philip sees the advantages of my union with his cousin, and would make me the sacrifice to his selfish views.”

“And is it for you, degenerate girl!” returned the duchess in a voice trembling with rage—“Is it for such as you to presume to cast reflections on the head of our noble house?—Begone, and quit my presence!”

“Oh!

“ Oh ! do not bid me leave you, madam,” cried the princess, clasping her hands in an agony of grief, “ till you have repealed your cruel prohibition ! and then never shall these lips be opened again to displease you—Alas ! had my cousin foreseen the unhappiness he has caused, he never would have had the barbarity to suggest the measure.”

At this moment Burgundy entered the room ; and the princess, despairing to soften her mother, and highly incensed against her cousin, arose from the supplicating posture into which she had thrown herself, and, without deigning to cast a look upon the duke, quitted the room.

CHAP. IX.

EVERY severity was now inflicted on Jaquelina by the duchess, to induce her to change her resolution : her situation became insupportable, and existence a burthen. Renounced by her only parent, shut up from all society but that of her domestics, her motions watched with the most jealous vigilance, she found herself close prisoner in a country which in a few years she was destined to govern with despotic sway.

Keenly as she felt the cruelty of this inhuman treatment, yet the pain it gave her was trifling in the comparison of that which oppressed her soul at the thought of being forgotten by Gloucester.

This reflection brought with it intolerable anguish, and, to banish it from her mind, she had recourse to every expedient her

imagination could suggest : but all her efforts were in vain ; the painful idea still found its way back, to murder her repose. In hopes that the comparison might turn out in her favour, she would daily question Edwy the most minute particulars respecting the lady Eleanor : but this was by no means the source of comfort, as the boy could not deny that Eleanor was possessed of distinguished charms, and that Gloucester himself had formerly felt their influence.

To render her situation still more irksome, her conscientious confessor tormented her with daily lectures, and was particularly fluent on her undutiful conduct towards so kind a mother.

Jaquelina bore, with a scarcely to be suppressed indignation, his tedious exhortations and unmannerly reproaches ; yet the respect which she owed his sacred function, and the veneration which his age inspired, prevented her from expressing the disgust which this conduct towards her excited.

She

She satisfied herself with turning a deaf ear to his remonstrances, and employing her thoughts on the very subject against which he was inveighing with the utmost vehemence.

Whatever firmness the princess shewed in her resolve, the dukes of Brabant and Burgundy, from different motives, were too much interested to abandon the hope of obtaining the rich prize which they so ardently coveted.

Whilst ambition alone actuated Burgundy in his persuasions to the duchess to adopt every method that might induce the princess to espouse his cousin, Brabant, from motives even less worthy, persevered in the same design. Passion and revenge alternately swayed his breast.

From the moment that Jaquelina had first refused to marry him, his bosom was possessed with a thirst for vengeance; and as that was a passion which was never felt by the duke without being gratified, the princess, had it not been for the death of

his father, which took place immediately on his leaving Hainault, would long before have suffered his persecutions.

The lady Blanch had, by various artifices, considerably inflamed his passion for Jaquelina, and his jealousy of the duke of Gloucester. He now therefore saw that, by compelling her to accept him, he should effect a double purpose—he would at once accomplish his love and his revenge.

A scheme of the most deliberate and artful nature was now put in practice, the better to bring about the success of his designs upon the princess. As it was a material point to gain the good opinion of the Bavarians, he assumed an appearance of liberality, and a courteous demeanour, to which he had little pretensions in reality. A perfect master of dissimulation, he had even conquered his feelings at the moment of the princess's public refusal of him. At a moment when revenge getting the better of his love he could with joy have stabbed her to the heart, and heard
her

her expiring groans with a savage pleasure, he was able to stifle his fury, and affected to bear his disappointment with a melancholy and dejection that greatly won upon the minds of the people.

Yet, notwithstanding he outwardly appeared to have abandoned the design of ever gaining the hand of the princess, he privately employed several of his creatures to circulate reports that they were secretly contracted to each other; and even those that belonged to the court, from the continued length of his stay, were inclined to give credit to the rumour.

The duchess, too, helped to confirm the tale, by affecting to receive it with implicit confidence. She seemed to feel a pleasure in the propagation of this idle report, hoping perhaps that the general diffusion of it might have some influence even on the mind of Jaquelina. One advantage at least she was sure to gain from it—that of keeping at a distance all who might be inclined

to become competitors with Brabant for the hand of the princess.

One day as Jaquelina was taking her usual walk around the gardens of the palace, the duke, who had purposely waited for her coming, advanced to meet her.

At the sight of a man whom she had such reason to avoid, she turned resentfully away.—“Wherefore do you thus shun me, loveliest of women?” exclaimed the duke affecting a disconsolate and dejected air: “Why should that ardent passion with which you have inspired my bosom, render me odious in your eyes?”—“Term it, more justly, cruelty, my lord, than love!” exclaimed the princess indignantly: “If you really felt the passion you pretend to feel, you would have withdrawn a suit which is the source of ceaseless persecution.”

“Can you be so inhuman to demand this sacrifice from a man who exists but in your presence?”—“From you, sir,” replied the princess, her eyes sparkling with resent-

resentment, "I expect not a conduct that is generous."—"Alas," resumed Brabant, "it is the endearing hope that time may effect some change in your sentiments towards me, that chains me here!"

Jaquelina paused a moment; then viewing the duke with some emotion—"If I thought," said she hesitatingly, "that you possessed the smallest share of generosity, I would at once, by a confession, however painful, put it to the trial."—"Speak, madam! afford me but the opportunity, and I will prove how dear to me is your repose."

"When I tell you then," said the princess blushing and looking down, "that my affections are not in my own power to bestow, will you have the baseness to persist in a pursuit which must be the cause of pain to me, and cannot benefit yourself?"—"Alas!" exclaimed the prince with a distracted air, "'tis then as I thought: Long, long have I expected this overthrow to my fond hopes. Yes, madam, you

shall see that Brabant is not destitute of generosity: painful as will be the sacrifice, yet to your peace it shall be made. A few short hours only will I remain in a country whose charms are vanished, since I have lost all hopes of possessing Jaqueline. Yet, ere I quit you, I will do another act of justice: I will entreat the duchess your mother to put an end to those cruel restrictions which I now blush to think have been caused by her partiality to me. Alas! what reason you have to dislike Brabant?"

Jaqueline raised her thankful eyes to the duke, and, for the first time, regarded him complacently. To all appearance he was greatly agitated with his feelings.

"This then is to be our last interview?" taking her passive hand.—"It were surely better for both of us, my lord!" cried the princess, trembling lest his resolution should waver.—"I feel you are right, madam!" returned the duke, deeply sighing: "And may I hope," continued he, "that I shall
be

be remembered in absence without detestation?"—"I should be lost to all feeling, indeed," replied Jaquelina with warmth, "were I not, after his present conduct, to remember the duke of Brabant with gratitude and esteem."

The duke respectfully raised her hand to his lips:—"If circumstances should change," cried he, "your present favourable sentiments for another—if Brabant should cease to become odious in your eyes—may I not indulge the hope, that no false delicacy will prevent you from recalling a man who would fly with rapture from the remotest corner of the earth to obey the delightful summons?"

"I entreat your highness not to urge me on this subject; yet, if it will afford you satisfaction, I readily promise, should this heart ever experience a change of sentiments towards you, no scruples of the kind you apprehend shall deter me from avowing it."—"It is enough, madam!" replied the

duke fighting. "Alas! I dare not ask for farther concessions."

This said, he quitted her with a degree of distraction that gave evident proof of the greatness of the sacrifice he had just made.

The princess remained for some time overcome with surprise. She could scarcely trust her senses in regard to what had passed. 'Could this be the once selfish Brabant? Could Brabant become capable of a conduct so noble and magnanimous?'

A sentiment of esteem for the duke now for the first time entered her bosom; and with a light elastic step, and a heart beating with tumultuous pleasure, she returned to her chamber, where, throwing herself upon her knees, she poured forth the grateful effusions of her soul in acknowledgment to Heaven for this unlooked-for deliverance.

Conformable to his promise, Brabant set off that day from the court of Hainault.

Bur-

Burgundy, who had with mingled indignation and surprise beheld the departure of the duke, was not able to restrain his resentment. Without any previous notice, he repaired to the apartment of the princess.

“I come, madam,” cried he, “from taking leave of a prince whom we may thank your caprice for having driven away.” —“I am obliged to your highness for your civility!” returned Jaquelina, colouring. —“Yes, madam, a blind infatuation has made you reject an alliance which would have conferred equal honour and advantage on your house. Soon, perhaps, you will have cause to rue this blindness to your interest.” —“Never, my lord, never!” repeated the princess warmly; “never shall I, from the consideration of any interested views, repent the refusal of an offer at which my soul revolted.” —“No?” said the duke acrimoniously: “You consider not what is due to your country and yourself! Both would you sacrifice to the indulgence

dulgence of a passion whose object has perhaps shed the blood of your nearest relatives. What mischiefs do I not foresee from an union so unnatural!"—"Hold, my lord!" cried the princess indignantly; "you assume a right to which you have no title—To arraign my conduct is not the privilege of Burgundy; nor shall I stoop to answer charges which you are not authorised to bring against me." Having said these words with an air of offended majesty, she was quitting the room, when Burgundy, placing himself in a situation so as to prevent her—"Stay, madam," cried he, "and listen to the advice of a man who now perhaps gives it for the last time: To-morrow I shall quit your court! Reflect, ere it is too late, on what I say."

CHAP. X.

MUCH to the surprise of the princess, many of the severe restrictions which she for some time suffered were now taken off, and she was permitted once more to enjoy the society of her mother, who, however coldly, still received the lively expressions of gratitude which the warm heart of Jaqueline poured forth for this indulgence.

A few weeks only had elapsed from the departure of Burgundy and Brabant, when the duke of Friesland, a powerful and turbulent prince, excited, by his proceedings, the alarms of the court of Hainault.

This prince was nearly allied to the house of Bavaria; but, from the oppressive cruelty of his character, and the haughty arrogance of his manners, had rendered himself so obnoxious to William, that he had forbidden him his presence.

Deeply

Deeply as he resented this affront, he had not dared, during the life of the duke, who was universally beloved by his subjects, to think of revenge; but, now that William was no more, he was prompted equally by resentment to make his power felt.

Brabant well knew the concealed hatred which lurked in the mind of the duke of Friesland; and, to evince it, he only waited for an opportunity that favoured of actual injustice.

From infancy these princes had been competitors in the path of fame. Both were emulous of military glory; and, in their youthful enterprises, what the rash impetuosity of Friesland failed to accomplish, the superior cunning and artifice of Brabant was sure to effect.

This created in the mind of the former a jealous hatred of Brabant; for although he affected to hold in contempt a quality of so opposite a nature to his own vehemence and temerity, yet he could not but envy the

the success which attended the intrigues of his rival.

The animosity which rankled in his bosom frequently vented itself in angry invectives against the duke, who at length on his part was inspired with an equal degree of aversion for the haughty and implacable Friesland; and both, in a short time, were sworn foes to each other.

It has been before observed, that Brabant spared no pains to circulate a report, that he was in private accepted by the princess Jaquelina; and had even employed emissaries for the better propagation of the fiction throughout different parts of the country.

No sooner had the rumour reached the ears of the duke of Friesland, than, furious with indignation, he summoned an assembly of the people, and demanded their assistance to prevent the manifest injustice of such a proceeding; as the inevitable consequence would be, to take away the rights of succession from the family

mily of Bavaria, and vest them in that of Burgundy.

The chief magistrates of the provinces of Zealand and Friesland had long beheld with an eye of jealousy the increasing influence of the house of Burgundy:—they readily therefore espoused the cause of the duke, and proposed to him to stand forth as a candidate for the hand of the princess; and in case of a refusal, declared themselves ready to lend their aid to support by arms his prior claim.

Friesland, satisfied with having obtained this promise, dispatched an ambassador to the court of Hainault, to demand in marriage the princess Jaquelina. Without even calling a council to debate on the proposal, the duchess gave a flat refusal, alleging that the princess was already engaged to her nephew the duke of Brabant.

This treatment of his embassy so enraged the fiery duke, that, collecting on the instant a considerable force, he commenced hostilities against the house of Bavaria, and
a civil

a civil war soon spread its horrors and devastation throughout the provinces.

Success, even beyond what his most sanguine hopes had presaged, every where attended the duke. Numberless were the towns that surrendered to his victorious arms, and he had already begun the invasion of Holland. A general panic seized the minds of the people ; the conqueror appeared irresistible, and excited the cruellest apprehensions in every breast.

The old men hung their heads in silence ; the anxious mothers were seen bathed in tears, and regarding with fond solicitude their helpless offspring, who, clinging around them, innocently enquired the cause of their grief. The public streets were all deserted. No longer was the hum of busy commerce heard to echo through them : the dismal clank of arms, as the tired soldier was relieved from his station on the walls, alone broke in upon the mournful silence. No more with blithsome step, and quickening his pace as his little cot appeared
in

in view, did the laborious husbandman return to greet his expecting family; but, sad desponding as "he homeward bends his weary way," scarcely has he fortitude to encounter those who once had formed his greatest happiness. At a distance he perceives his little ones hastening to meet their sire. He views them with an anxious sigh. No more does his heart palpitate with joy as they approach. Tears burst in torrents from his eyes, as he beholds them gathering around him with impatient forwardness, and as he stoops to receive their infantine endearments. The ground which would have been his children's patrimony, he sees wrested from them by the cruel hands of lawless ruffians; their innocent lives, perhaps, sacrificed to gratify an unrelenting rage; their mother, too!—but here his agonizing heart can no longer support the picture which his fancy paints—He sinks! till, roused by the idea that he yet may save her from that violence he dreads, he rushes on that foe, to save her, or to die.

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—His cottage, that was wont to be the seat of innocence and peace, now exhibits a scene of warlike preparation. His ploughshare is converted into a sword; his peaceful garments changed for accoutrements of war; and the smiles that beamed upon his brow, are now exchanged for hostile frowns.

The princess could not behold her dominions a prey to the most dreadful of all calamities, civil war, without undergoing the keenest anguish. The miseries it brought on her unhappy subjects penetrated her very soul. Their downcast looks, and silent sorrow, spoke more home to her feelings, than the most elaborate description could have done.

Heavily passed on the tedious days at the palace. The duchess, absorbed in consulting for the safety of the state, preserved a deep and gloomy silence; whilst Father John, at each unfortunate turn of affairs, never failed to glance keen and bitter reflections at the disobedience of Jaquelina, in which he was encouraged by the duchess, who,

who, though she would not deign to reproach by words, fixed a keen and indignant scowl upon the princess, which sufficiently expressed the displeasure with which she regarded her.

Day after day messengers arrived at Hainault with the alarming accounts of the farther successes of the duke of Friesland. The princess, unable to bear these accumulated distresses, would fly for consolation to the arms of her respected friend, the lady Ulrica — “ Oh my friend ! my revered instructress ! ” she would cry, “ whither can I turn and shelter me from sorrow ? Whither now are fled those gay, those flattering dreams, which lately whispered such delight to the soul of Jaquelina — hopes which my kindest friend forbade me not to encourage ? ”

“ Alas, my child,” returned Ulrica, “ how vain and futile are the schemes which man chalks out ! We paint things at a distance as our wishes would have them be ; but to realize those flattering projects

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is often denied by that Providence whose ways are past finding out. That hope which my affection had fondly cherished of seeing you happily united to Gloucester, is now vanished into air. Though you are at liberty, he comes not. He sees you environed with danger, yet flies not to your succour. Banish him then henceforward from your thoughts! he is unworthy of your regard."

The princess at this advice covered her face with both her hands, and her convulsive sighs spoke how greatly she was affected: then, lifting up her expressive eyes overflowing with tears, she seemed tacitly to reproach her friend with cruelty.

"I see how much I wound you, my beloved Jaquelina!" continued Ulrica with concern at her distress; "but these are truths of which friendship forces me to remind you. Would to God that a fatal necessity did not compel me to wring your heart with the repetition!"

"Wretched, wretched Jaquelina!" exclaimed

claimed the princess; “whither shall I now fly for consolation, since my friend refuses to sooth my sorrows?—Oh, you have pierced me to the very soul!—Yes, your words have had their full effect; they will drive me to despair.”

“Despair! and is this the language of Bavaria’s daughter—of the heiress of his vast domains?” cried lady Ulrica with a reproachful aspect—“Is it at a time like this that she suffers those strong powers with which Heaven has endued her to lie dormant, and becomes forgetful of the duties which she owes her suffering country?”

The princess started; a glow of patriotism fired her countenance: but Ulrica appeared to heed it not, and continued—
 “To sink at this eventful moment into imbecility and weakness, when your country, invaded by her princes, sheds, whether defeated or successful, the blood of her own sons, is indeed disgraceful! What a glorious example for sovereigns did that great
 emperor

emperor of the Romans, Marcus Aurelius, display, when, in presenting his sword to the commander of his prætorian guard, 'Take this sword,' cried he, 'and defend me with it so long as I shall faithfully discharge my duty; but remember to employ it against my life when I forget that my duty is to make the Romans happy.'—How enviable were the people who lived under such a monarch! But thou, Bavaria, unhappy country, how miserable are thy prospects, to be governed by a princess, who, at such an eventful crisis, shrinks from the important task by birth assigned her, and, lost in the infatuation of a hopeless passion, is become insensible to thy sufferings!"

"Never," cried the princess with energy, "never shall any selfish consideration render me callous to the miseries of my people, or neglectful of a trust so dear—so sacred to the heart of Jaquelina! No: when once I find that passion you now condemn in opposition to the duty I owe my country,

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country, it shall be extinguished in this heart, although my peace of mind be made the sacrifice !”

“ Thank Heaven !” cried lady Ulrica, embracing the princess : “ Forgive, my love, this trial of your heart ! Well did I know the magnanimous soul of my Jaquelina would proudly triumph in those trials, under which more sordid minds would sink ; I was well aware that to her duty every consideration of self would give way.”

When the heroism of the moment was over, Jaquelina felt the greatness of the sacrifice she had engaged herself to make. “ Alas !” cried she with a deep and heart-rending sigh, “ how more enviable in comparison is the lot of the subject than the sovereign—of those whose humble state exempts them from the necessity of sacrificing their dearest affections to the public weal !”

“ Believe me,” returned lady Ulrica, “ the portion of happiness allotted to mortals is impartially distributed ; and we do
injustice

injustice to heaven in this positive proof. If the peasant's lowly station excites your envy, because he enjoys unmolested that felicity which his bounded desires have centred in his cot and family; consider, on the other hand, how paltry are his pleasures, which arise but from the immediate gratification of sense, compared with those refined, those exalted joys, which await the monarch!

“What can be put in competition with the delightful task of rendering thousands happy? In a task so god-like, the sovereign feels himself the delegate of heaven: an emanation of the divinity, as it were, inspires him, while with liberal hand he bestows around those gifts with which it has enriched him. He is hailed by the sacred title of Father of his Country!

“Can selfish sorrow reach his breast, as he perceives, at his approach, each face illumined with a smile—as he sees the full heart ready to overflow with love and gra-
 VOL. I. K titude,

titude, and kept silent only by respect. Even to his couch their blessings follow him, and every selfish care is banished by the mild delicious calm they have infused throughout his heart."

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A FEW days after this conversation, as the princess, absorbed in melancholy reflections, was seated at a window which commanded a view of the principal streets, her attention was attracted by an extraordinary circumstance: a procession of the chief inhabitants of the city, followed by multitudes of women and children, moved with slow and solemn step towards the palace. They soon arrived at the gates, and essayed to enter, but were repulsed by the guards.

They now looked up and perceived the princess: by signs the most affecting, they seemed to entreat her interference. The princess gave orders for their admittance, and, as they entered the court, she threw open the casement. Their leader, a reverend old man, of a majestic appearance,

attracted her regard. A few white hairs, thinly scattered over his manly front, gave additional effect to a countenance whose wonted fires the pressure of misfortune, as much as age, seemed to have softened. The infirmity of years, without depriving him of his native dignity, had bowed his body; whilst a noble freedom, the result of conscious worth, gave to the simple flow of nervous eloquence which fell from his lips, a weight that carried conviction with it to the heart. Having made a low obeisance to the princess: "Hear us, O daughter of William!" he began with an emphatic gesture: "Hearken to the voice of thy people, whose sufferings compel them to obtrude upon thy presence; grant that our petitions may be favourably received. Behold there," cried he mournfully, pointing to a band of veterans who accompanied him, "behold those who have cheerfully devoted their youth to the service of thy House! Age having unnerved their arms, they gave their sons to fight your battles: they

they have paid the debt they owed their country. Alas! we are no longer fathers.”

As he uttered this, his voice faltered; but, checking an emotion he could not entirely suppress, he recovered himself and proceeded. “We have now no more to offer you: already does the conqueror approach our gates; the defenceless city must yield without resistance at his summons! Our women, the wives of those brave youths who bled in your cause, will become a prey to the brutal violence of the soldier—their children probably murdered in their arms! It is to you we call upon you to give us protection. Shut not your ears against their cries. Cast your eyes amongst the neighbouring princes; many there are who would be proud to wed our sovereign: select from amongst them one whose talents, as well as power, may give us safety; and thus, by your election, end our sufferings.”

He ceased; and, gracefully retiring a few paces, he again preceded his little band, and quitted the court. The princess was

strongly agitated. In deep and silent anguish she turned her eyes upon her friend, who saw and pitied her distress; yet, willing to leave her to the workings of her heart, forbore to make any remark on what had happened. “Alas!” cried the princess, starting at length from the deep reverie in which she had been plunged, “what can I do for my unhappy country? O my people, how is it I can save you?”

Lady Ulrica still continued silent: “My friend, my respected mistress,” continued the princess, “counsel me in this exigency: tell me the sacrifice I must make for their preservation!”—“My Jaquelina’s own heart,” replied the governess, “will best point out the expedient which the most sacred of duties now exacts from her.”—“Ah, I entreat you, speak more explicitly,” cried the princess trembling: “what is it my friend expects from Jaquelina?”—“That she will become the wife of Brabant,” returned the lady Ulrica, pressing the fainting Jaquelina to her maternal bosom.

It was some time before the princess recovered from her insensibility. A painful struggle for a few moments kept her silent : at length, rising with precipitation, " Yes," cried she, " you have conquered ; and, by the sacrifice of every happiness, I will convince my people how much I prize their welfare above my own.

" And thou, lamented, dear departed saint," continued she, casting her eyes towards heaven, " look with complacency upon my conduct : and oh ! if in the celestial abodes which thou inhabitest, it is given thee to know what passes upon earth, mayest thou approve this offering of thy daughter, and deem her worthy of the great name she bears !"

A glow of animation irradiated the countenance of the princess as she spoke these words ! No more did she betray any weakness or dejection ; but, as if inspired by the exalted sentiments she ~~had~~ uttered, her whole person became firm and erect, and,

to the admiring eyes of the lady Ulrica, she assumed an appearance more than mortal.

“ Now do I indeed behold the daughter of great William !” cried she, pressing her with rapture to her bosom—“ Now do I behold my princess acting worthy of her Sire ! All that this fond heart presaged, is now accomplished !”

The conquest of an enemy is poor and paltry, compared with the victory we obtain over ourselves and our inclinations. What can equal that delightful sensation, that refined joy which plays around the heart when we are conscious of having done a great and virtuous action ? At those moments the littlenesses of humanity are lost. A philanthropic love lifts us above mortality, and it is then we feel our relation to the divinity. Human nature is unequal to support, for any length of time, its internal struggles. After a few hours, the princess sunk under the conflict ; nor did she acquire sufficient fortitude to execute her glorious resolve till she

she had given full vent to the anguish that preyed within her, and shed a copious flood of tears at the recollection of her blighted prospects.

With a mind fraught with the noblest of purposes, the princess entered the great hall, where the duchess and father John were in consultation. She had scarcely taken her seat at the table, when the arrival of a messenger was announced. The duchess turned pale with apprehension, whilst father John glanced his keen eyes reproachfully at the princess; who, to his surprise, preserved her composure.

Her highness commanded him to be admitted into her presence. The news he brought portended ill to the cause of Bavaria; it told of the reduction of a fortified town of the utmost importance, and of the general consternation that had ensued among the people in consequence.—“The resistless conqueror advanced his army against the city; unable to defend itself, it surrendered without resistance. Fain would I soften the
rest

rest in compassion to the ladies, but truth forbids me."

"Say on, sir," cried the father impatiently;—"the princess can bear the horrors of your tale with an Amazonian courage: no false weakness for her people lessens the admirable firmness of her soul."

At this malignant remark Jaquelina darted a look of indignation at the father, who, without appearing to notice it, proceeded in his interrogatories.

"The most sacred ties," continued the messenger, "were broken without remorse! Friends murdered friends; brothers, brothers; and sons, with sacrilegious arm, destroyed that life to which they owed their own!"

"And soon, very soon," interrupted John, "will a scene of similar horror and carnage be represented within our walls."

The duchess betrayed marks of strong emotion at this recital; and, as it ended, she threw her eyes filled with reproachful meaning upon the princess. Jaquelina
arose:

arose :—" Behold, madam," cried she addressing her mother,—“ behold your Jaqueline offers herself a sacrifice to her country's good ; receive this hand, and dispose of it where most it may benefit my people !”

Father John appeared as doubtful whether he had heard right ; whilst the duchess, viewing the princess with a look of wonder and delight, held out her arms with rapture to receive her ; and Jaqueline, while for the first time she felt the tear of maternal love bedew her cheek, forgot the sacrifice she was about to make.

It may easily be imagined that the duchess did not defer long to write to the duke of Brabant, announcing to him that the princess had at length yielded to their united wishes, and had agreed to accept his hand.

Before the messenger returned to Hainault, the duke was himself arrived ; and his forces were instantly ordered out to succour Bayaria.

The princess, whatever reluctance she felt,

felt, could not decline receiving the duke before his departure to join the army, which he had already settled should be in a few hours after his arrival. She could not help fancying on this occasion, that a malicious triumph sat upon the features of Brabant, while with apparent humility and rapture he thanked her for her condescension.

Various emotions now swelled her bosom; and the reflection alone that she had given herself up for the public good, could have prevented her from shrinking with horror at the idea of becoming the wife of Brabant.

The duke wanted neither military skill nor courage; and joining his forces to those of Bavaria, he in a short time checked the incursions which threatened such fatal consequences to Hainault; and the duke of Friesland was compelled to retreat and relinquish his conquests as fast as he had gained them. Feastings and rejoicings were held in honour of these victories; and the state agreed to reward the services of

of Brabant in a few days, by giving him the hand of the princess.

The evening previous to her nuptials the princess devoted to private meditation; Ulrica alone was admitted to her apartment; and orders were given that on no account they should be disturbed. In her faithful bosom she reposed her sorrows; and, from the sympathy of friendship, received a temporary consolation.

The morn so fatal to the peace of Jaquelina, now began to dawn. Decked by her officious handmaids in bridal habiliments, she regarded herself as prepared for sacrifice. Though she was silent, yet her eyes plainly spoke the anguish of her soul. Ulrica viewed her with pity mingled with admiration. She was now nearly adorned, when a message was brought from the duchess to hasten her to the altar. The colour forsook the cheek of the princess; her courage fled; and, no longer able to support her trembling frame, she leant upon her valued friend, and in her bosom
strove

strove to hide her sorrow. The tender remonstrances of Ulrica, after some short time, made her feel the impolicy of yielding to this weakness; and checking her emotion to the best of her power, she prepared to obey the summons.

The duchess perceived with joy the trembling victim at length approach, and gave her to the exulting Brabant, who on his knees received her hand, and conducted her to the chapel. A numerous and splendid court attended them to the altar, where father John, arrayed with sacerdotal pomp, was waiting their arrival. An awful silence reigned throughout the aisles, and the ceremony began. It was nearly gone through, when a deep and heart rending groan from a corner of the chapel attracted the general attention. At this interruption Brabant turned indignantly around, and perceived a stranger rush with much impetuosity through the crowd, and leave the chapel.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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